

The Sketch



No. 575.—VOL. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1904.

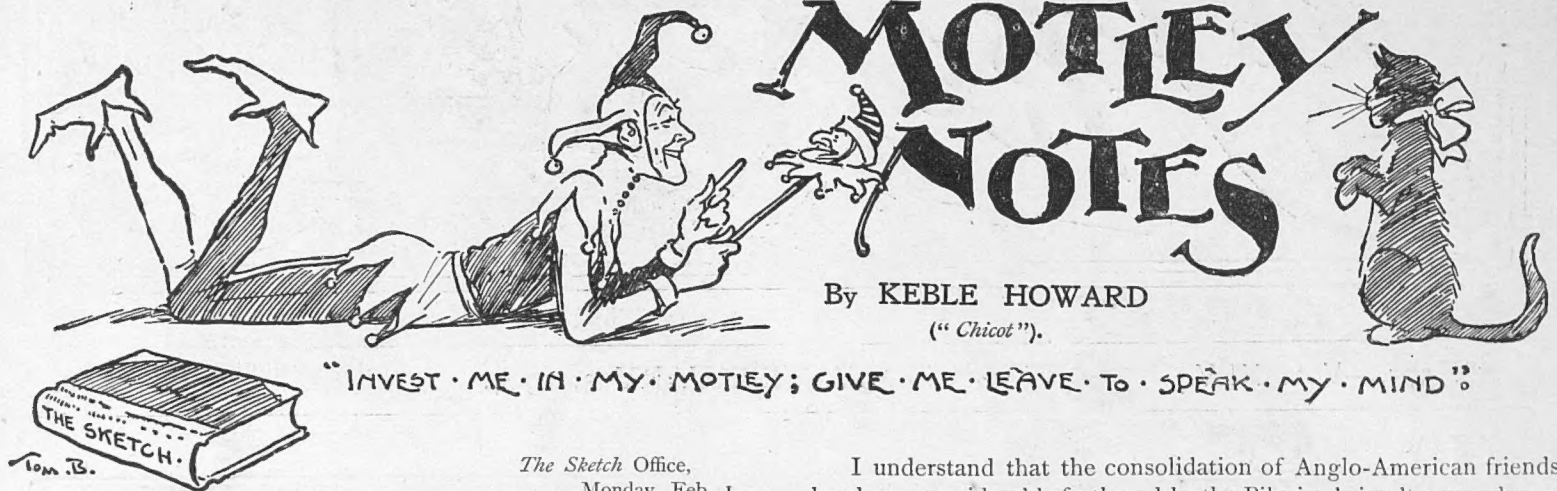
SIXPENCE.



THE FIRST ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPH OF HERR KUBELIK AND HIS BRIDE

(COUNTESS MARIANNE VON CSÁKY-SZELL).

By Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, Feb. 1.

JANUARY, 1904, has gone at last; I never knew a month that I regretted less. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is all very well when one is writing an obituary notice of a fellow-being; a month, however, must be dealt with strictly according to its merits. Let me place it on record, then, that January of this year had not one good quality to redeem its wretched character. It was inordinately long; it was incredibly wet; it was churlish, gloomy, morose. The only point that can be raised in extenuation is that January, like Monday, has the thankless task of inaugurating a new era of toil. On the other hand, New Year's Day is a day of rejoicing, but nobody rejoices in the first waking moments of Monday morning. No; I am bound to say that I throw my handful of ashes on the coffin of January with a sigh of relief. As for little February, let him take warning. Some of his predecessors have not been distinguished for their smiling faces. One remembers them as rather angry, impetuous young people, with little enough respect for one's hat or one's umbrella. Yet, between ourselves, anxious reader, I have hopes of the new-comer. We shall see.

It is not often that one has the opportunity of actually seeing money earned at the rate of twenty-seven pounds per second. I am glad, therefore, that I made a pilgrimage to Olympia on Saturday evening and witnessed the half-minute wrestling bout between Hackenschmidt and Madrali. To be sure, Madrali's arm, as exhibited by his trainer to the representatives of the Press immediately after the accident, looked a queer, shuddersome thing. Yet the Turk bore the pain so stoically, and the general excitement was so intense, that one hardly realised, at the moment, the pathos of the situation. Personally, I admit I was much more taken up with the hooting, roaring, hissing, cheering masses dimly discernible from the arena. Nor could I help laughing at the rush of journalists and others to the stage, some of them eager to exchange a word with the triumphant Russian, others madly desirous of figuring in the Cinematograph pictures at the Palace. When one had left the building, however, the tragic side of the affair took possession of the imagination. Whilst congratulating Hackenschmidt; therefore, I sympathise, very sincerely, with his unlucky, suffering opponent. The whole event, I may add, has served as a warning to me to avoid wrestling as well as hand-shaking.

I am distressed to find one of the daily papers making a fuss of a Gaiety workman who was foolhardy enough to stand on some timber that was being hauled up to the top of the wall by the crane. "The traffic below," says the paragraph, "was blocked, and on the top of every omnibus in the big crush faces were turned upwards towards the man who, at a giddy height, was unconcernedly holding on to the chain and revolving as the timber swung round." Apart from the fact that the Gaiety workmen have been performing this feat for some months past, it is to be regretted that the Press should encourage a practice that is not only stupid in itself, but is liable to develop into a serious nuisance to the public. The crane itself, swinging its unwieldy burdens over the Strand, is terrifying enough, but, when the traffic is stopped in order that a labourer may gratify his vanity at the risk of his neck, then my militant pen rushes towards the ink-pot. If the man in question cannot really cure himself of his passion for histrionics, Mr. George Edwardes had better make a chorister of him and be done with it.

I understand that the consolidation of Anglo-American friendship has been considerably furthered by the Pilgrims' simultaneous banquets in London and New York. Mr. Harry Brittain, the Hon. Sec. of the Pilgrims, is to be heartily congratulated on his idea. The message which provoked the greatest enthusiasm, perhaps, was from the British Ambassador in New York to Lord Roberts. But the most touching feature of the occasion, without doubt, was the cabled inquiry on the part of the Pilgrims in London as to the nature of the cocktails being at that moment ordered in New York. It is a fine thing, of course, for hearts to beat in unison. When it comes to the question of an Anglo-American alliance, however, it is infinitely more important that digestive organs should be animated by the same cocktail. I am rejoiced to hear, therefore, that the American Ambassador and the English Ambassador took a couple of "Strike-Me-Deads" together, and subsequently, by way of antidote, toasted each other in "Corpse-revivers." Not for the world would I incur the charge of treating this historic event with levity; indeed, I recognise that there is a "Heap-o'-Comfort" in this indisputable evidence of international amity.

In yesterday's *Referee*, I found my dainty "Elaine" discussing the subject, "Do Men Dislike Clever Women?" At the first blush, one was inclined to reply, "Certainly not." The moment of confusion having passed, however, one saw that the lady was simply begging the question. Her query, you see, implies that some women are not clever, whereas every man knows that there is no such thing as a stupid woman on the face of the earth. There are heaps and heaps of silly women, I grant you, but it is only a man who cannot be silly without being stupid. The most tactful woman I know—and "Elaine" herself admits that tact is part of cleverness—is just as silly as she can be. She lives wholly and solely for enjoyment, a flirtation of some sort is absolutely necessary to her; she revels in Hearts' Parties, Book Teas, Cake Walks, and all the other inept frivolities of the twentieth century. Yet I have never known her to make a social blunder or to hurt the feelings of her most sensitive acquaintance. "Elaine," maybe, will retort that my silly, tactful friend is an exception from the general rule. Whereupon, Fool that I am, I shall doff my cap and ask her to believe that the lady I have described is an absolute type.

Mr. Harry Houdini, the astounding gentleman whose portrait appears on page 78 of this number, has been startling the Sheffield folks by escaping from the police-cell which once held Charles Peace. He was stripped, it seems, and triple-locked in the cell, while his clothes were triple-locked in another cell. Truly an embarrassing situation for any gentleman! Charles Peace, I am sure, would have felt particularly shy under such conditions. Judge, then, of Mr. Houdini's dauntless spirit when I assure you that in five minutes he had escaped from the one cell, entered the other, dressed himself—it is not stated whether he shaved or said his prayers—made his way through an iron gate fastened by a seven-lever lock, and presented himself before the Chief Constable. "Lummy," said the Chief Constable, "you are a one!" Houdini smiled, and leaned his elbow on the officer's shoulder. "That is a mere nothing," he explained. "I recently escaped from a Siberian transportation-cell in which I had been manacled with ten padlocks." "Go on!" said the Chief Constable, suddenly shifting his position. "Fact," replied Houdini, recovering his balance with a movement of extraordinary agility. Half-an-hour later, he felt in his waistcoat-pocket for his cigarette-case, only to find that an under-constable, acting from sheer force of habit, had removed it.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN:

ON FRIDAY MORNING LAST IT WAS RUMOURED IN LONDON THAT WAR HAD BEEN DECLARED.



THE WHOLE THING PUT CONCISELY MY DEAR AUNT IS THAT JAPAN IS A COMING NATION & RUSSIA SIMPLY WANTS TO CUT SHORT HER 'KOREA'



OUR ARTIST IMMEDIATELY DASHED OUT AND BEGAN TO MAKE NOTES.

THE CLUBMAN.

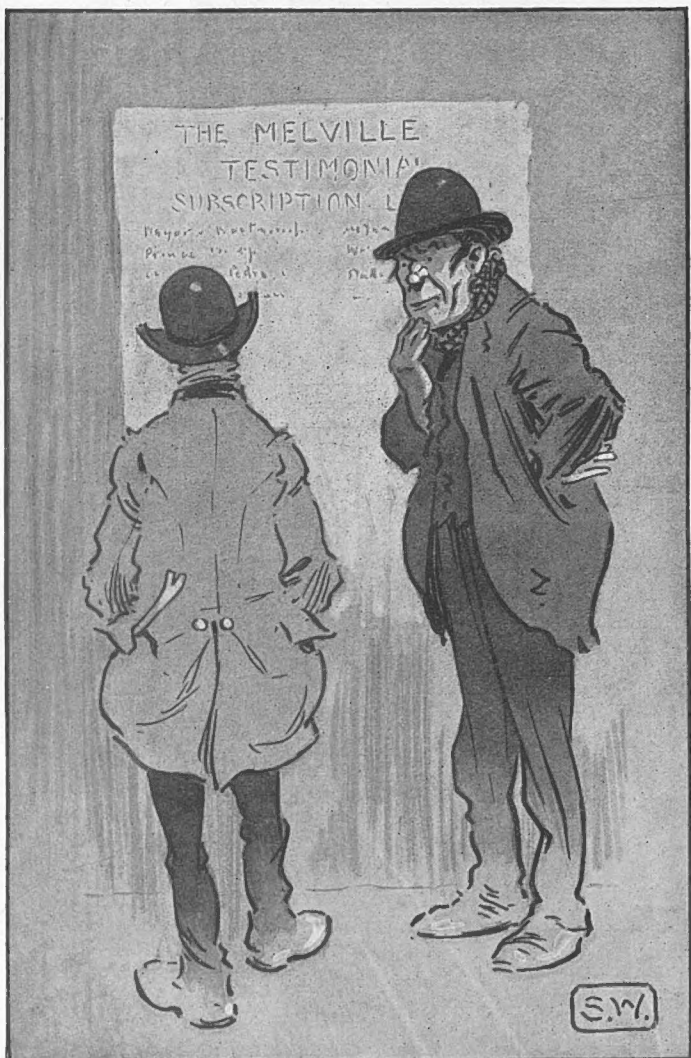
The Meeting of Parliament—The Fiscal Hand-shake—The New Indian Club—Clubs in the Orient.

JANUARY went out to the tune of "The Rogue's March." The first month of the New Year brought us to the gates of war, and the suicide of the financier who was such a mixture of good and evil, of benevolence in his own village and unscrupulousness in the City, was the topic during the last days which was on every man's tongue. The meeting of Parliament will now give the men in the Clubs some new subjects to discuss, and it will also oblige quite a large proportion of Members to make up their minds what side they are going to take in the impending great controversy.

I have sympathised keenly with some of the M.P.'s I have met since Parliament rose and Mr. Chamberlain started his campaign. One legislator confessed to me that he had adopted a new method of shaking hands with his constituents since the great Fiscal question loomed large on the horizon. In the days when he knew exactly what he thought on all the questions of the day, he would grasp a voter's hand firmly, pass the time of day to him, and await any questions he liked to ask. Of late, he has adopted the manner of a man in a desperate hurry, giving a sudden hand-shake, and then moving on before his constituent could ask the invariable question.

If a Party of the Centre is formed, as the smoking-room makers of Parties and Governments anticipate, it may be that a new grouping of M.P.'s will require a new political centre in Clubland. If the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Rosebery do lead a new combination, which will their Club be? The Duke has a Club named after him which is more social than political, but it might become a focus of a new Party.

The Indian students in London are to have their Club in Piccadilly; the rooms have been taken, and Colonel Loch has consented to act as Secretary. That Colonel Loch is kind enough to serve in this capacity promises much for the future of the enterprise, for he was, in India, the head of one of the most successful institutions for the education of young natives of high birth, the Mayo Chiefs' College at Ajmere, and he is not likely to ruffle any feathers of his flock in the position he is now about to take up. The native students in their new quarters are to be able to give dinner-parties if they are so inclined, and the Club which languished in Kensington is likely to soar to success and to require more house-room in its new and more central quarters.



"Inspector Melville, the famous detective, is to be the recipient of a testimonial on his retirement."—DAILY PAPER.

"'OORAY! LET'S PINCH A PURSE AND SEND IT.'"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

I have been in Clubs of many nationalities and have had some curious experiences in them in various parts of the world, but I cannot remember to have been into a Club for native gentlemen in India. No doubt, in Bombay and Calcutta and other big cities where "caste" is less iron-bound such Clubs do exist, but I never crossed their



HOUDINI, THE "HANDCUFF KING," WHO RECENTLY SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING FROM CHARLES PEACE'S CELL IN SHEFFIELD.

(SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")

Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside.

thresholds. Some of the native Princes who hold rank in the British Army are members of the Service Clubs in India, and most of the Maharajahs have in their chief town a Club where the native gentlemen and the Europeans meet. I remember one of these Clubs which was a curiously shaped building. Asking its history, I was told that a previous Maharajah had married a Christian wife. Being a liberal man, he denied her nothing, and, as she asked for a church, he built one for her. His successor, being of the orthodox religion and having married a lady—or rather, ladies—of his own "caste," had no use for the church as a church and converted it into a Club.

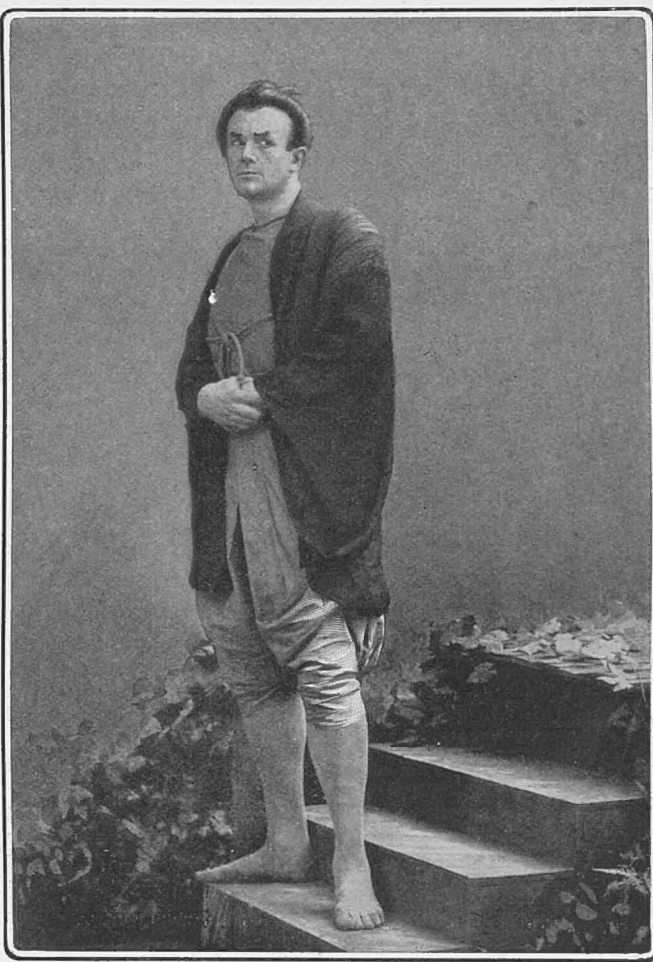
A book on Oriental Clubs would be a very interesting one, for many have a good deal of history attached to them. I fancy the Bengal Club was at one time the house in which Thackeray lived; the Chattul Munzil, at Lucknow, was a palace of the Kings of Oudh; and I have no doubt that there are hundreds of the deep-verandahed Clubhouses in little stations of India which have their place in the story of the great Mutiny. At one Club in the Far East which shall be nameless, I went through the unpleasant experience of having my pormanteaux seized by myrmidons of the Law. When I arrived at this particular Club and claimed Honorary Membership, I thought that my entry with all my impedimenta was regarded as a good joke by the native servants. It certainly may have been so, for when, next morning, I found that no one else was staying in the Club, and that for meals one was always given something that had not been ordered, I concluded that there was a screw loose somewhere and proposed to move to an hotel. Then I found that some of the servants were bailiffs, and I had to pay a visit to the Consul's office before I was allowed to move a trunk out of the house.

The Chinese native Clubs in British Colonies in the Far East and in the "Treaty Ports" are very gorgeous, much ornamented on the roof with plaster fishes and birds, and furnished with handsome black-wood furniture and many chandeliers and looking-glasses. Nothing pleases a rich Chinese merchant more than to entertain his European friends at his Club. A dinner of food cooked, as the Chinaman cook supposes, after the manner of Paris, with one and the same soy-sauce with every dish, sweet champagne, and a theatrical entertainment on a "mat-shed" stage facing the Club verandah, are the principal portions of the entertainment, but the pleasantest part of it is the evident delight of the giver to see his friends present.

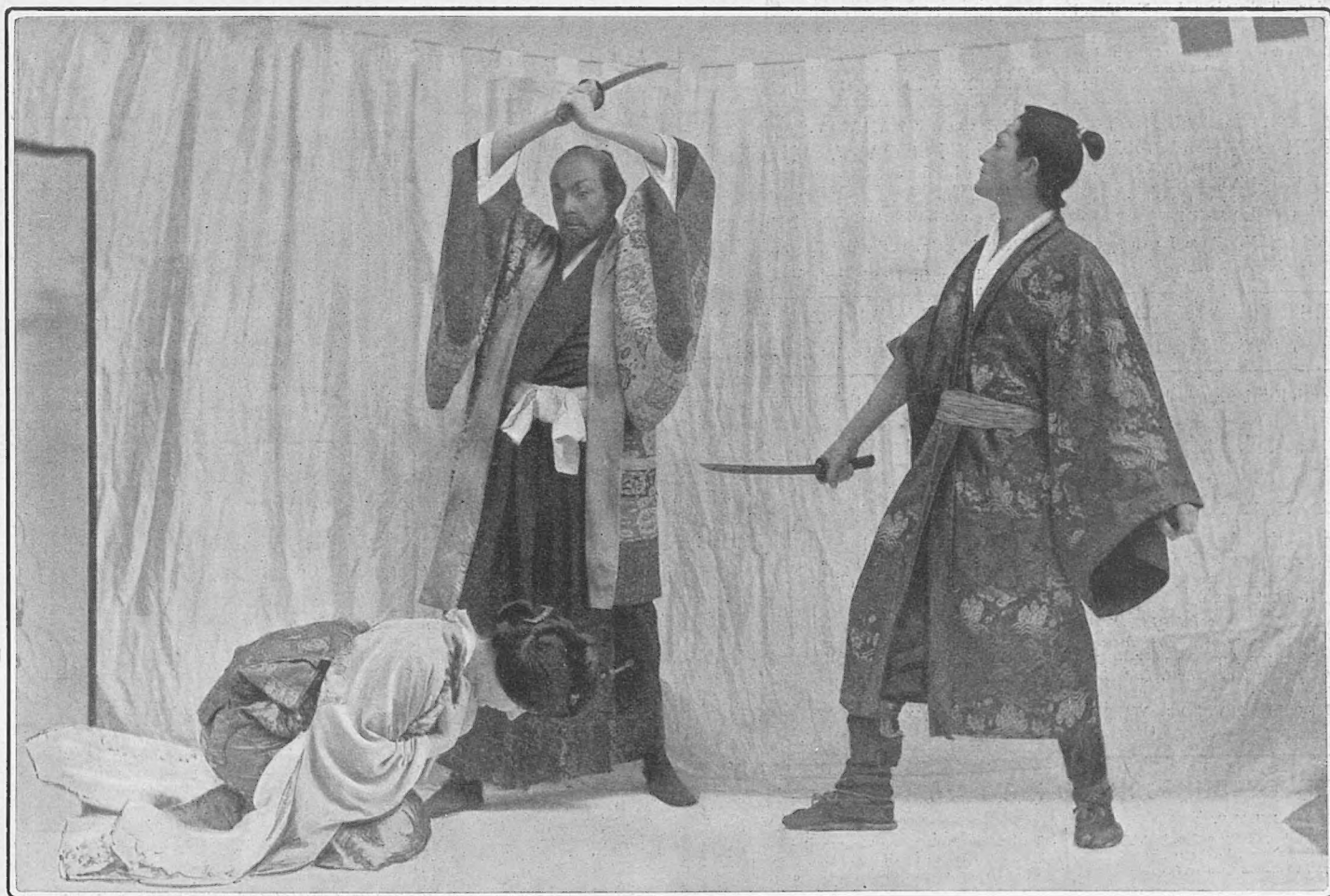
"THE DARLING OF THE GODS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



MISS SIDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS KAEDE (A TEACHER OF MANNERS).



MR. LYN HARDING AS INU (YO-SAN'S DUMB SLAVE).



Mr. S. A. Cookson.

Mr. Basil Gill.

KARA (MR. BASIL GILL) SAVES YO-SAN (MISS LENA ASHWELL) FROM THE FURY OF SAIGON, HER FATHER (MR. S. A. COOKSON).

Photographs by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

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| | 11 19 | MARGATE SANDS ... | 10 10 |
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| | | | 2 21 |

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THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
FEBRUARY 6.

THE STATE OPENING
OF PARLIAMENT.
THE REFORM IN ARMY
ADMINISTRATION.

THE WRESTLING MATCH
Between Hackenschmidt and Madrali.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
FEBRUARY 6.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

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Feb. 3, 1904. Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THIS week has begun brilliantly with the opening of Parliament by the King, the new drive from Buckingham Palace to the foot of the Duke of York's Steps being used for the first time by a State Procession. Tomorrow (Thursday) there is the great Skating Carnival at Hengler's, at which, it is said, the Prince and Princess of Wales mean to be present, and which will certainly be an extraordinarily pretty sight.

On Friday, Lady Wimborne gives the first of what may be called her Free Trade receptions, for Lord Wimborne has thrown in his lot with the Duke of Devonshire; and on Saturday opens the Dublin Season, while on that day their Majesties will proceed to Windsor to spend a quiet day before the arrival of their wedding house-party.

Next Week's Royal Wedding.

The Royal wedding is drawing near, and at last the little mystery concerning the bridesmaids of pretty Princess Alice has been cleared up. The fortunate five are to consist of the Princesses Margaret and Victoria of Connaught; the two little cousins, both nieces of the bridegroom, Princess Mary of Wales and Princess Mary of Teck; and the bride's first-cousin, Princess Hélène of Waldeck and Pyrmont. The King will give the bride away, this being the third time His Majesty has acted as "father," the other two being,

course, on the occasions of his own daughters' marriages. Quite a number of foreign Royalties, whose visits to this country have been few and far between, will be present at the wedding, and there seems still to be a hope that the Queen of Holland and Prince Henry may be included in their



VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH: HER FAVOURITE PORTRAIT.

By Speaight, Regent Street, W.

Majesties' house-party. The marriage, by the way, will take place at twelve o'clock, for both the King and Queen like an old-fashioned, sit-down wedding-breakfast.

Europe's One Queen-Regnant.

There is something very touching in the latest photograph of the Queen of Holland. The look of childish content, which was one of the most characteristic traits in the countenance of Her Dutch Majesty, has quite gone, and Queen Wilhelmina now looks as if the weight of her position was beginning to tell on her. A week ago, the Court of Holland was celebrating the Jubilee of the excellent and popular Queen Mother, to whom her daughter owes so much, though at one time it was whispered that the girl Sovereign longed for wider liberty than could be allowed her by the Regent. If this was indeed so, the little Queen has now learnt that she has no better and truer friend in the world than the devoted and vigilant mother who will soon be among our King's wedding-guests at Windsor Castle.

A Future Marchioness.

One of the most interesting facts in the life of certain of our great ladies is that they bear titles already full of curious and romantic associations belonging to another age. Take, for instance, the name of Castlereagh, once of tragic significance to all those concerned with the romance of history, and now borne by one of the most winsome and happy women in Society. Lady Castlereagh shares her mother-in-law Lady Londonderry's enthusiasm for the great man whose name her husband bears, and she knows every point of his career. The future Marchioness of Londonderry was bred and born in a political atmosphere, for her father, Mr. Henry Chaplin, has long been one of the most popular figures in the House of Commons, while her mother was Lady Florence Gower, a sister of the present Duke of Sutherland.

The Duke of Anhalt.

Duke Frederick of Anhalt, who died of apoplexy last week, was the father of Prince Aribert of Anhalt, who married Queen Victoria's granddaughter, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, in 1891, and was divorced from her a year or two ago. The Duke was born in 1831, and succeeded his father in 1871. He married in 1854, and had six children, of whom the eldest succeeds him. The new Duke was born in 1856, is a Colonel in the Prussian Army, and married in 1889 Princess Marie of Baden, niece of the Grand Duke of Baden.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND AND HER CONSORT, PRINCE HENRY.

By Ebner, The Hague.

Novelties of the Session.

So many strange things have happened since last Session that one is shocked on entering the House of Commons for the first time this year.

There is a new policeman at the entrance in Palace Yard; there is a new Whip at the door of the Lobby in place of Mr. Anstruther, who has obtained a permanent appointment; there are ten new Members in dead men's places; and there are several new Ministers, besides old Ministers in new rôles. No longer are Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord George Hamilton on the Treasury Bench, which they adorned since 1895. Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Lee, and Lord Balcarras are fresh on the famous Bench; Lord Stanley and Mr. Arnold-Forster have got within the Cabinet circle; Mr. Austen Chamberlain sits for the first time as Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Brodrick has been moved from the War Office to the India Office; and Mr. Victor Cavendish is Secretary to the Treasury, in place of Mr. Arthur Elliot, Free Trader. It is a strange House and a strange Treasury Bench.

Leader of the Lords.

The first formal intimation that the Lords had a new Leader was given by the summons issued to the Ministerial Peers by the Marquis of Lansdowne. The Liberal-Unionist Marquis has succeeded the Liberal-Unionist Duke. He never sleeps nor folds his arms in slumber in the House. His air is very alert, cold, and keen. The Marquis is a good debater, although his style never glows. In manner he is a model Foreign Secretary, emotionless, wary, and bland, always saying what he intended and nothing more. Although not yet sixty, Lord Lansdowne has had great experience as an Under-Secretary, Governor-General of Canada, and Viceroy of India. His administration of the War Office has been severely criticised, but there are very few complaints of his conduct of foreign affairs. He is married to a sister of Lord George Hamilton, one of the resigned Free Traders, and his own younger brother is an occupant of the Liberal Front Bench in the House of Commons.

Mr. Balfour's Ordeal.

It is long since a Prime Minister has had to encounter such difficulties, with such slight assistance, as Mr. Balfour will experience this Session. He has to pick his way carefully between Free Trade and Protection; he cannot please both Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach; he is confronted by able debaters, old colleagues, experienced statesmen, and at his side he has very little debating talent. He will have to do much of the Parliamentary fighting for himself. As Mr. Balfour always appears to advantage when hard pressed, he will, no doubt, revive the reputation of his Irish days by his fight for place and power.

Miss Muriel Barnby.

Miss Barnby is the only daughter of the late Sir Joseph Barnby, the well-known composer whose beautiful part-songs will never lose hold on public favour. Sir Joseph, as will be remembered, came originally from Yorkshire and sang in the choir at York Minster when a boy. He was Precentor of Eton from 1875 to 1892, Conductor of the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall from 1872 to 1892, and Principal of the Guildhall School of Music from 1892 until the time of his very sudden and much-lamented death. Miss Barnby is adored in her home circle and also very popular in Society.

A Brilliant Editor.

Ever since Mr. E. T. Cook handed over the reins of the *Westminster Gazette* to his able lieutenant, Mr. J. A. Spender, the familiar green paper has become practically a necessity of life not only to politicians, but to the general public. People of all shades of opinion agree that Mr. Spender has made it an admirable paper, and, while scrupulously fair to all sides, it has done yeoman service to the Liberal Party. Mr. Spender, who is an elder brother of Mr. Harold Spender, who married Miss Schuster the other day, is the son of Dr. J. K. Spender, a clever physician of Bath, and Mrs. Spender, in her day a well-known novelist. A Balliol man, he sat at Jowett's feet, and went from Oxford to Hull to edit the *Eastern Morning News*. Then, after a brief period at the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, before it was bought by Mr. Astor, he migrated to the *Westminster Gazette* on its establishment ten years ago. Mr. Spender is not often seen in Society, but he frequents the Reform Club and likes bicycling. His work is his chief recreation. Mrs. Spender, a charming lady, the daughter of Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, of Hill Lodge, Campden Hill, is a great hand at organising charitable fêtes, and her monster bazaar in aid of the Children's Hospital will be especially remembered.

Monaco's Festival.

The more religious subjects of the Prince of Monaco have had their great annual festival. It was celebrated last Wednesday (Jan. 27) in honour of one Devota, a virgin of Corsica who is said to have been put to death by Diocletian, and is now, I think, the Patron Saint of Monaco. In a ravine by the side of the Condamine there is a little chapel, familiar to all visitors to the Principality. It is a modern affair enough, but is erected in front of the site of a far more celebrated shrine that, for all we know to the contrary, may have had a purely Pagan origin. The legend of Devota is a very pretty one. When she had been killed, two priests carried off her body to give it decent burial. They went on board a ship, hoping to reach Africa, and the wind drove them out of their course towards the rock that the Grimaldis were to make famous. They were uncertain of their course until a dove flew out of Devota's mouth and guided the ship to shore. Though the festival appeals to natives rather than visitors, it is really very charming.

The Season at Nice.

At Nice, where the season is in full swing, Signora Duse has been delighting playgoers, and the festivities at the Méditerranée Club have been voted a very great success. Next Tuesday (Feb. 9) there will be a fancy-dress ball there in aid of the Victoria Memorial Cottage Hospital, and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is one of the Patronesses. This institution was founded to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria and give English-speaking invalids a hospital where they would be entirely among their own countrymen. The late Sir John Blundell Maple took a great interest in the scheme and financed it liberally. It is to be remarked that, while Nice is enjoying a most prosperous season, the condition of the streets continues to justify the outcry against the authorities. The Police Force, more than adequate at the beginning and end of the season, is quite unable to protect visitors when Nice is crowded to the full limit of its capacity, and the town is all too well patronised by footpads and swell-mobsmen.



MISS MURIEL BARNBY, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

The Heir of a Great Name.

Lord Shaftesbury, who inherits a name made famous not only by the great philanthropist, but also by the third Earl, the author of the "Characteristics," who was declared by Voltaire to be the boldest English philosopher, is both clever and charming. Eton and Sandhurst led to his getting his troop in the 10th Hussars. Then came a highly interesting time in Australia as A.D.C. to Lord Brassey, at the time Governor of Victoria. Six years ago, Lord Shaftesbury married Lady Sibell Grosvenor, Mr. Wyndham's step-daughter, and he was appointed a member of the Congested Districts Board in Ireland, on which he has done good work. His Irish seat is Belfast Castle, near Belfast, and he also has a beautiful place near Salisbury. The remarkable breadth of the young Peer's interests is shown by the fact that the same year saw him made Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales and elected a member of the London School Board. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury have two pretty children, a "pigeon pair," Lord Ashley, who is between three and four, and Lady Mary Sibell, who is two. Lord Shaftesbury is one of the best amateur singers in Society and is much in request at charitable concerts.

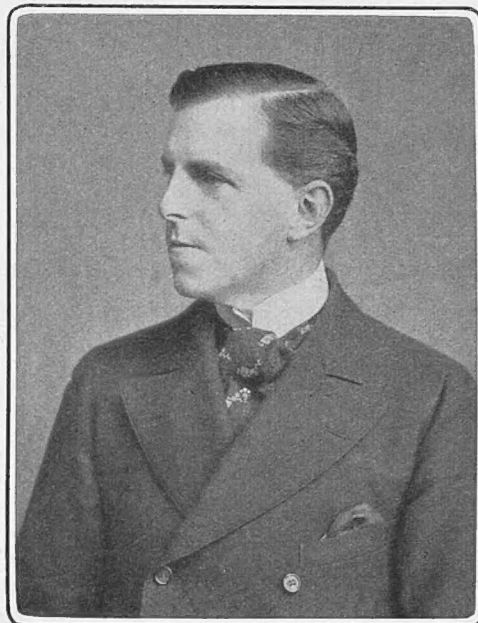
This Week's Wedding.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, takes place on Saturday the first political wedding of the Winter Season, that of Miss Sydney Bowles, the picturesque-looking daughter of Mr. Gibson Bowles, and the Hon. David Mitford, second son of Lord Redesdale, who comes of good statesman's stock. Miss Bowles is as well known in the yachting world as she is in that which circles round about the Houses of Parliament. She has always been devoted to the sea, being able to indulge her love of yachting under the pleasantest auspices, as her father is one of the most energetic members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. This week's bride has been, since her début, one of the belles of the Cowes Week and one of the girl-hostesses of the charming old-world Squadron Garden.

A Bridal Court.

The first Court of the Season will be distinguished by the extraordinary number of brides who will be then presented on their marriage. Nowadays it is the fashion to attend a Court as soon as possible after the marriage ceremony,

this new social departure, and it may be doubted whether any month-old wife will be present at the first of the winter Courts. The most important presentation will be that of the Duchess of Roxburghe. The Duchess of Norfolk will almost certainly have the honour of a private presentation, and there seems a notion that she may in due course be offered the great position of Mistress of the Robes, now held, of course, by the Duchess of Buccleuch. The marriage of Lord Ingestre and Miss Paget is fixed for April, and, following the Royal bride's example, Miss Paget intends to have only very young bridesmaids.



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The Popular Concerts.

The Kruse Quartet (Professor Johann Kruse, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Alfred Hobday, and Mr. Percy Such) played, as usual, at the Popular Concert last week at St. James's Hall. The solo-pianoforte part was taken by Professor Wilhelm Berger, and the singer was Miss Julia Culp. The String Quartet was Cherubini's in D Minor, and, with Mr. Edward Mason added as second violoncello, Mr. William Berger's String Quintet in E Minor was also given. Professor Berger played Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in E Minor, and Professor Kruse played Tschaikowsky's "Sérénade Mélancolique." Cherubini, a man of many ideas, was, despite this fact, often unable to overstep the limits of an academic past, yet he survives amongst the best of those who cannot be described as entirely in the first rank. Though the work was rendered in a manner which was satisfactory in part and also partly disappointing, it would be difficult to say how far Cherubini himself contributed to the latter result. This excuse will not, however, suffice for the rendering of the final Allegro, which was distinctly poor and not always in tune. Miss Julia Culp sang with singular refinement and was always attractive. In Brahms's four songs, "Die Mainacht," "Dort in den Walden," "Feldeinsamkeit," and "Der Schmied," these qualities were delightfully evident; and in Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Tan" her genuine emotion and passion were a joy to the listener. Professor Berger's playing of the Beethoven Sonata in E Minor was frank and rhetorical, but perhaps somewhat monotonous. Beautiful as this work is, there is undoubtedly a tendency towards a certain monotony which the pianist should make it his business to avoid; this, Mr. Berger, however, did not succeed in accomplishing. Professor Johann Kruse, in the



MISS SYDNEY BOWLES.

THE HON. DAVID MITFORD.

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, ON SATURDAY NEXT (FEB. 6).

Photographs by Betesford.

and last year one or two brides actually interrupted their honeymoons in order to be present at this important Royal function. Their Majesties, however, are believed to have somewhat disapproved of

violin solo already mentioned, Tschaikowsky's "Sérénade Mélancolique," showed a careful and finished style, but was not vivid enough for so modern a work.

*"Honi soit qui
mal y pense."*

The only Knight of the Garter who is probably sorry that a Chapter of the great Order is to be held next Tuesday is the Duke of Norfolk, who has had, in consequence, to postpone his wedding for two days. The occasion is a most interesting one, for the last Chapter was held close on fifty years ago, in honour of Louis Napoleon, whom the Queen solemnly invested with the insignia of the Order. The function on that occasion took place at four, in the Throne Room, and was certainly by no means so splendid as will be that of next week, for all the Knight Companions are to be present, and after the Chapter the King will preside at a banquet in St. George's Hall. The oldest Blue Ribbon is the venerable Duke of Cambridge, who has been a "K.G." for sixty-nine years. "The Red Earl," Lord Spencer, has had the high distinction since 1865. The Chapter is, of course, being held on Tuesday in order that His Majesty may personally invest the King of Würtemberg with the ribbon and insignia of the Order.

*The New Royal
"K.G."*

King William of Würtemberg has long been on very good terms with our Royal Family; he is some years younger than our King, for he celebrates his fifty-sixth birthday on the 25th of this month. His first wife was an elder sister of the Duchess of Albany and the mother of

can entertain his colleagues and his fair friends in comparative privacy. These little dinners are very popular, and during the winter months replace to great advantage "tea on the terrace."

*"February Fill
Dyke."*

Should February maintain its ancient reputation as a wet month, the result will be very serious for the British agriculturist. Already all the streamlets, brooks, and rivers are flowing full, and springs that had ceased to rise for several years are bubbling forth and will rise yet faster when the rains of last year percolate the great subterranean reservoirs. Only last week, what had been the dry bed of the Bourne for six seasons was full to overflowing, and the same phenomenon is reported from many counties.

*The Three New
"A.R.A.'s."*

The Academy is to be congratulated on having elected three remarkable men as its new Associates, for Mr. Charles Furse, Mr. H. Pegram, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn are each and all famous for fine work, even beyond the wide limits of our Empire. Mr. Charles Furse's group of really wonderful portraits in last year's Academy won him popular recognition; indeed, some critics went so far as to dub 1903 "The Furse Year." Mr. Furse has now been for long one of the leaders of



"FEBRUARY FILL DYKE": AN ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTED.

his only child, now Princess of Wied. Four years after his first wife's death he married the loveliest unmarried Princess in Europe, Charlotte of Schaumburg-Lippe, who through her mother is closely related to our Queen. Stuttgart is a very charming German town, full of pleasant associations for English visitors, who are always made warmly welcome there. The Duchess of Albany and her children often stay there, for the King of Würtemberg is much attached to them all, and has always acted the part of a near relation to his sister-in-law, her son, and her daughter.

*"The Best Club
in the World."*

Yesterday reopened in Westminster the institution which was long ago nicknamed by some Victorian wit "the best Club in the world." The House of Commons is, however, no longer an Eveless Eden; Members owe too much to the fair sex, in the way of help at such critical moments as those attendant on a hotly contested election, to entirely banish them from the precincts of Parliament. True, the ladies are still relegated, when they wish to actually hear the debates, to the horrible little cage against which so many protests have been raised, but it is said that this year will see the abolition of the grille in the Ladies' Gallery. But, of course, the greatest innovation of late years has been the giving of mixed dinner-parties in the House of Commons dining-room and dining-rooms, for the gallant "M.P." who cares to do so can now retain, for any evening, a pleasant chamber where he

the New English Art Club. He comes of a remarkable family of clever folk, his father having been the late Archdeacon of Westminster, and one of his brothers being now Archdeacon of the Rand, while his charming wife was Miss Catherine Addington-Symonds. Mr. Pegram is a sculptor, and his exhibit in the Academy of 1889 is one of the few pieces of British sculpture in the Tate Gallery. At the present moment his wonderful "Death Liberating a Prisoner" is sadly topical. Mr. Brangwyn is greatly admired in France and in America. Though quite original, his work recalls rather that of the greater Japanese painters and certain mediæval craftsmen than that of any of his immediate predecessors. One of his most striking works was bought some years ago by the French Government for the Luxembourg Gallery, a rare and at the time almost a unique honour.

*The Ladies and the
Order of Merit.*

The death of the late Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Henry Keppel makes another vacancy in the Order of Merit, and people are wondering whether the gallant old sailor will be succeeded by Miss Florence Nightingale, who certainly deserves the greatest distinction the Sovereign and the nation can confer on her. It was said at the time of Miss Nightingale's return from the Crimea that she had refused the Victoria Cross. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that she deliberately applied the large sum raised as a Nightingale Memorial to the betterment of the nursing service.

*A Bishop's Son
on the Stage.*

The stage has drawn recruits before now from rectories and vicarages, and even from Prebendal residences, but that a Bishop's son should tread the boards is, we believe, a novelty, and would certainly have shocked our grandams. Yet not even the most prejudiced person who saw Mr. Walter Creighton playing the part of the Prince in "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men" would regret it. Mr. Creighton is as clever as the son of parents so brilliant in their several ways as the late Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton would naturally be, and he and his two brothers and four sisters are born musicians. Mr. Creighton is tall and very fair, and Marlborough has the credit of his early education. It will be recollected that last June he gave a notably successful concert at the Bechstein Hall, and his fine baritone voice, added to a singular personal charm, has always made him a welcome guest in Society.



MR. WALTER CREIGHTON
(SON OF THE LATE BISHOP CREIGHTON), WHO HAS RECENTLY
BEEN PLAYING AT THE COURT THEATRE.
Photograph by Beresford.

Unlike some amateurs who become professionals, he has studied hard, both music and acting, and has never lost an opportunity of enlarging his experience and perfecting his method. Altogether, he should go far, and his career will be watched with interest by his hosts of friends.

*Two New
Engagements.*

Of the two new engagements the most interesting is that of Miss Agatha Thynne to Lord Hindlip, though West Sussex is much excited over the betrothal of the Duke of Richmond's daughter, Lady Muriel Gordon-Lennox, to Mr. Beckwith, of the Coldstream Guards. Miss Agatha Thynne has been for some years a very popular girl in the "smart" set; she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Thynne, and her beauty and sprightly grace created a great sensation on the occasion of Mrs. Arthur Paget's War Tableaux. On this occasion, Miss Thynne and Mrs. Cecil Powney represented the two famous Miss Gunnings, their costumes being copied from the exquisite portrait which has been so often engraved. Lord Hindlip derives his large income from Allsopp's Brewery; he is the first-cousin of another bridegroom-elect, Lord Ingestre, his mother being a sister of Lady Shrewsbury. Lady Muriel Gordon-Lennox has not long helped to do the honours of her father's two great ducal houses, Goodwood and Gordon Castle; but doubtless she will even after her marriage be constantly with the Duke of Richmond, who has always been very devoted to his second wife's two young daughters, Lady Muriel and Lady Helen. Of the four sisters, the two elder made particularly good matches, the eldest, Lady Evelyn, having married Sir John Cotterell, and the second, Lady Violet, Mr. Leonard Brassey, who has just become owner of splendid Apethorpe.

The Oldest Stamp. The oldest current stamp in the world will now be the Russian issue of 1864, which bears the double-headed eagle and the shield of St. George. The stamps have been unchanged for nearly forty years, and their predecessors were the Hong-Kong stamps of 1859, which are now being replaced by the new stamps which bear the head of King Edward. The Hong-Kong stamps of the Queen are a very pretty set, and at the time of the Jubilee of the Colony they had a surcharge printed on them for the occasion.

The Aalesund Fire. The fire which destroyed the little town of Aalesund broke out at half-past two in the morning in a manufactory

of preserves, and was first perceived by the captain and crew of a ship in the harbour. Most of the houses being built of wood, the town was reduced to ashes in a couple of hours, and, in spite of the great cold, more than ten thousand persons had to take refuge in the fields surrounding the town. The Burgomaster succeeded in saving the archives, but all the public buildings and both the hospitals were burnt down. Two little steamers in the harbour were burned, and twenty-three fishermen's boats had to be sunk to keep them from being destroyed.

*The Viceregal
Season.*

Lord and Lady Dudley are to be heartily congratulated on the admirable manner in which they are fulfilling their duties to Ireland. It has always been said that what was wanted for Ireland was the presence there of wealthy people whose principal aim is to enjoy life. Thanks to the kindly, clever Vice-queen who reigns over Dublin Castle, all sorts of well-known English people now spend the few weeks before Easter in the Irish capital, enjoying the brilliant round of gaieties provided for them by the hospitable Viceroy and Lady Dudley. The Irish Court is a precious and delightful survival of an age when all cultivated people knew one another, and when good birth and good breeding counted for more than wealth. What formality there is, is wholly pleasant, and the example of the Viceregal hostess is followed by many of her friends, with the result that Dublin enjoys at this time of year a constant round of social functions, particularly kind and hospitable in this connection being the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who always give a number of entertainments at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham.

*The "Entente
Cordiale."*

England and France are far better friends than they were last year, and, if any additional proof were needed of the fact, it would be supplied by the increase in the number of passengers passing to and fro between the two countries. In 1902 the number of passengers between England and France, via Calais, was 303,488, and in 1903 it was 312,899. The number of passengers passing by Boulogne was, in 1902, 158,784, and in 1903 it was 311,110, or a total in 1902 of 462,272, and in 1903 of 524,009. Last year, therefore, the increase in passengers was 61,737; and the total has only been surpassed in 1900, which was the year of the Paris Exhibition.



"A RAG, AND A BONE, AND A HANK OF HAIR."

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S FAMOUS POEM, "THE VAMPIRE."
By Tonnelé and Co.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Ravaut. Ravaut is dead—and dead most tragically (writes our Paris Correspondent). London did not know Ravaut, and therefore cannot, as all Parisians do, appreciate the sadness and the horror of his death, for this poor fellow, who died in one of those boxes through which steam-baths and terebenthine fumes are passed to cure rheumatism, and from which only the head of the patient emerges, was one of the Gay City's merriest citizens. A pipe burst in the vapour-bath in which he sat, and poor Ravaut was burned to death, or, rather, burned so badly that he died four days after his rescue—four days in which his agonies were terrible.

But let me tell you of his quips and quirks, the jokes with which he made a reputation which will never die upon the borders of the Seine. One day, for instance, in the Bois de Boulogne, at a wedding-party, in the traditional glass-coaches all Paris knows so well, stopped at the doors of a big restaurant. The bridegroom, awkward as these *bourgeois* bridegrooms invariably are, stepped out of the first carriage, tripped, fell over his bride, and, before anybody realised the tragedy, the lady was in the Grand Lac, just opposite the restaurant. Screams, exclamations, police, two or three men in the lake to save the poor bride's life, and Ravaut—for he was the bridegroom—helpless with laughter on the bank, as a lay-figure borrowed from a friend was pulled out, rescued from a watery death. Another time, he and a comrade got hold of an omnibus—nobody ever found out how, but Ravaut had all sorts of friends—and drove all over Paris, taking his astonished passengers to their addresses instead of following a special line of route. During the Dreyfus case, he had some trouble with the Jockey Club Committee, owing to their refusal to allow his horse, Habazola, to run unless he changed its name. Ravaut was, you see, an ardent anti-Dreyfusard, and was already gloating over the shouts of "À bas Zola!" which—unconsciously, of course—the hottest Dreyfusards would raise if his horse seemed to be arriving winner at the post. His latest *farce*, which death

nipped in the bud, was an idea he had conceived of kidnapping M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police, and taking him to M. Bertillon for anthropometric measurement. Poor Ravaut! He went somewhat too far sometimes, but nobody was ever angry with him, for his love of fun was natural and disarmed everybody, and, if the joke happened to go against himself, he was the first to cry "Bravo!" and laugh.

French is a language of neat titles and of grace in nomenclature for everything, and, just as little as "The Work-girls' Walk" would sound euphoniously, compared with the Parisian "Marche des Minuinettes," so little need I waste my time in seeking for an English way of saying "Marche des Minuinettes," the very latest thing in the gymkhana world. By the time these lines are in print, the "Marche des Minuinettes" will be a memory; but, meanwhile—for I hope to tell you all about it next week—let me recount a tea-party which took place at the Moulin Rouge last Wednesday, where the Committee met to make arrangements.

"Charmante, la Comité!" A group of the most beautiful young ladies on the Paris stage—Liane de Pougy, Misses Winchester and Edith Whitney, two young Americans who have been dancing and acting themselves into Parisians' hearts, Yvonne de Rycke, Doléka, Marville—in a word, all that the Paris stage can boast in charm and beauty. And over the tea-cups, incongruous as these must seem to those who know only the Moulin Rouge of olden time, these pretty women arranged the jaunts for their sisters of the stage, for "Minuinettes" means ladies who have leisure after midnight only, and all competitors in the gymkhana are actresses from all the theatres of Paris.

Paris has only just recovered from the "Cake-walk," and another terror is upon the Ville Lumière, for Parisians and Parisiennes have got the "Kickapoo" extremely badly. The "Kickapoo" is, I should fancy, quite incurable. In the drawing-room the "Kickapoo" is not particularly pretty, and the tune is aggravating.



MIDLE. GILDA DARTY, A BEAUTIFUL PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Paul Boyer.

THE LYRIC STAGE: SOME PRETTY PLAYERS.



MISS CLARA TAYLOR, PLAYING IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE ADELPHI.

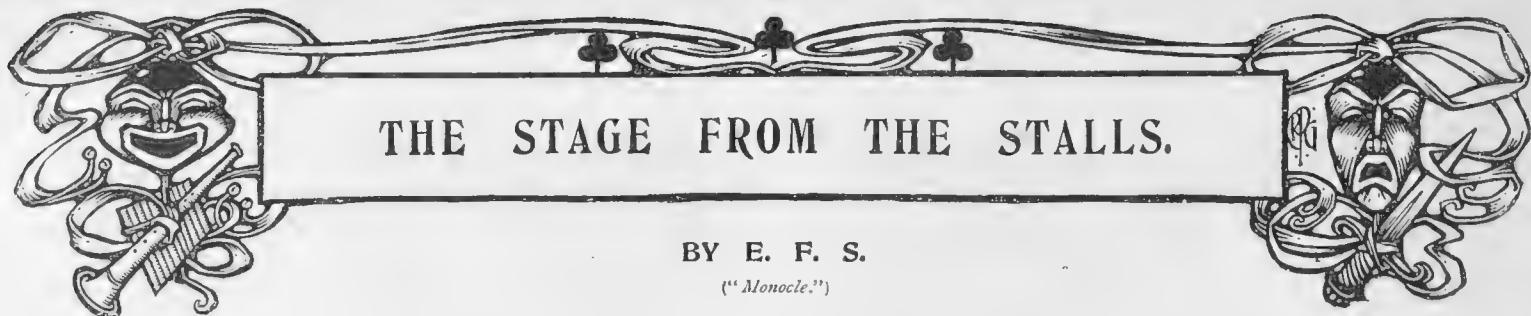
MISS RUTH LYTTON AS PRINCE RUDOLPH IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY," AT DRURY LANE.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



A GROUP OF PIERROTS IN "GOODY TWO SHOES," AT THE ROYAL COUNTY THEATRE, KINGSTON.

Photograph by Newton and Co., Kingston.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"OLD HEIDELBERG" AND "LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

THE greeting of Mr. Alexander on his reappearance at his theatre was abundant evidence that he still retains his popularity, and the reception of the play suggested that there remains plenty of life in it. Indeed, "Old Heidelberg" may yet run well enough to put off for a long time the production of the next adaptation from the German. The last phrase has some bitterness. Not very long ago, in these columns, I was writing enthusiastically concerning Mr. Alexander's staunch and almost unvarying support of British dramatists, and commenting with pleasure on the fact that his policy had, on the whole, brought to him great prosperity; so it is with regret that I see the coming of one German piece on the heels of another and the postponement of the English plays that he has in hand, or rather, in stock. Well may our playwrights sigh when theatre after theatre goes over to musical comedy and their staunchest supporter deserts them, even if but temporarily. This, of course, is not in disparagement of the artificial, pretty piece of sentimentality that has caught the fancy of the public. "Old Heidelberg" is excellent in its way, and its way is the way of the public taste. Its cleverness and novelty of subject are indisputable, and there are capital acting parts in it; no pretence, I presume, is made to the possession of deeper qualities, though it does give a superficial suggestion of the painful duties of Royalty.

The acting shows little change, the one important alteration being the substitution of Miss Lilian Braithwaite for Miss Eva Moore. The latter, obviously, was exactly the actress for the part of the idealised, glorified German beer-maiden, and my not inconsiderable knowledge, as an old hand, of our players does not enable me to suggest any of our actresses who could excel her, or, to be fairer, equal her in the part. On the other hand, one would hardly have picked out Miss Braithwaite for the task by force of *a priori* reasoning: the greater, then, her merit in being so successful in her appeal to the public. Mr. Alexander's work also has been something of a surprise, so far as the earlier scenes are concerned, since his recent triumph in characters of mature men scarcely promised success as the merry youth; the part of the Prince may not be his greatest performance, but certainly is one of his most popular. Mr. Beveridge, too, as the elderly seeker after youthful joys of life, was received enthusiastically in what may fairly be regarded as his most noteworthy achievement. There may be a needless note of exaggeration and little excess of singularity in the work of Mr. Lyall Swete, but its incontestable cleverness and comic power are of great assistance to the play; and Mr. Ernest Leicester's able acting cannot be disregarded.

"Love in a Cottage" brings forward rather acutely a matter worth some discussion. I refer to stage millinery. We are now accustomed to see on programmes the names of milliners who naturally desire the publicity that is the breath of life to them, and naturally, too, their concern in making the frocks is to produce something pretty which will attract customers. Why should they care about dramatic propriety? Miss Janet Alexander looked delightful in the last Act in a full, trailing, garden-party frock, with white kid shoes or boots and an elaborate chiffon blouse; but she happens to be in the wilds of Ireland, and there was no house-party at the Castle of her poverty-oppressed father, which had but one or two guests, and one of them her sister. Mark you, too, the girl guilty of this grotesque extravagance—as well as solecism of costume—is at the end of the piece to marry a Captain on his pay, and we are asked to believe that their love in a cottage will not promptly be followed by the exit of Cupid by the door. Moreover, this young lady, in the Act before, appeared after an ordinary home-dinner in the Irish Castle with the before-mentioned guest and a-half in full fig of elaborate white satin *décolleté* gown! No wonder Papa was poor, with such a spendthrift daughter! And what about the coming husband? Even such an artist as Miss Filippi, who, on the programme, had a milliner all to herself, when motoring wore a gorgeous kind of Ascot gown with silks and laces—about as fitting costume as a suit of armour for a lawn-tennis party. Miss Dorothy Drake had a bright new, Irish peasant-girl dress which is crude in colour now but will be charming when it has toned down; consequently, she looks as if she had stepped out of a bandbox or a musical comedy. Why cannot our managers consider how the German players dress? Heaven forbid they should actually copy the costumes; but they might imitate the idea, which is to dress so as to represent the appearance of the characters at the time of representation.

However, the play is waiting for treatment, and the millinery question must stand over for a while. It is, no doubt, an excellent thing to preach the beauty of "Love in a Cottage"

at a time when we are all looking upon mere luxuries as necessities, but it ought to be preached convincingly. What we want to see is the bread-and-cheese-and-kisses theory in successful operation, and not to be shown that two young people are going to run the risk of marriage on a Captain's pay. Nothing could be less convincing than Mr. Basil Hood's play—or, to be more accurate, nothing more convincing of the fallacy of his proposition. The union of a Captain possessed of no private means with the dowerless, extravagant daughter of a spendthrift, poor Irish Earl—with the girl who to her sweetheart remarks that "London is a place where women undress for dinner and discuss the indelicacies of the season," and in the next Act appears *décolleté* where an ordinary lady would have worn *demi-toilette*, is clearly an act of folly. Much of the play is charming, and the author's agreeable wit illuminates many a scene; unfortunately, although his play is quite conventional in sentiment and character-drawing, it is indiscreetly inartificial or artless in construction. What appear in the first Act to be the chief characters of the play prove to be really unimportant—indeed, one of them is not seen again—and we were puzzled during more than half the work as to what the subject really was. Puzzlement such as this prevents boredom by causing curiosity, but does not breed good-humour; and, though incapable of feeling wearied *nunc pro tunc*, to use a lawyer's term, we become a little vicious when something so unamazing emerges as Mr. Hood's slender, jejune plot. A couple of diverting characters are presented in the second Act, a pretty Irish lass and a merry English soldier, capably played by Miss Drake and Mr. Bentham, and we have none of their agreeable humours afterwards. An elaborate device, carefully led up to, is adopted for hiding Mr. Vane Tempest, who, too, acted skilfully and with tact, behind a screen, and we all expected some striking comic effect, but it proved to be a mere eavesdropping business with no excuse for the Paul Pry, who is supposed to be a gentleman and "a good sort."

On the other hand, a great deal is delightful—in this I do not include the song in the third Act, sung right through to the detriment of the piece. If the author were only a beginner, one would say "crude yet full of promise"; but this, of course, is unutterable. Yet, despite the conventionality, one detects an agreeable note of sincerity absent from the cleverer new work of Mr. Marshall. Mr. Hood seems to believe in his characters and to take them seriously, and occasionally there comes some truly fine touch, as in the little episode concerning Norah in the third Act. Moreover, the Earl, admirably presented by Mr. Brandon Thomas, is quite a charming old gentleman, welcome in every scene, and some of his "bulls" are excellent, though a few, alas, suggest Saxon manufacture. Miss Filippi, as the match-making aunt, gave many bright moments; of course, she deserves more important work than that of representing such a foolish person, because we all know that she is a really great actress—at least, all who saw her in the Dutch play produced by the Stage Society. With Miss Irene Rooke, a young lady of real talent, I have deep sympathy; to be compelled to wander about looking tragic and to induce the audience to fancy, wrongly, that you have a big scene coming, is cruel work, and the knowledge that the better you play your part the more you puzzle the audience must be very disconcerting. It would be agreeable to find the play successful despite its faults, because of its sincerity and the excellent matters contained in it; nevertheless, though it forms a pleasant entertainment, success seems unlikely unless changes are made, including the introduction of another comic scene between the soldier and his lass.

A case in point was the costume of the girl in the German military play, who appeared without any coquettishness towards the audience in the half-dowdy, lower middle-class dress that she would have worn in real life. Reference, too, may be made to "Letty," of which the last nights are announced—far too soon considering the superb quality of the deeply interesting drama. Mr. Pinero himself, I hear, settled the question of the ladies' frocks, which in themselves are quite character-studies. Hilda's first-Act costume tells the observer at a glance a great deal about the character of the girl, and, throughout, Miss Price's dresses are chosen not so as to form a setting for her beauty, nor to give an advertisement to a milliner, but simply to indicate (with subtlety) a character and help to render the play convincing. If a dramatist of Mr. Pinero's standing does not disdain the milliner's aid, why should those of humbler rank engage in a kind of competition with the costumier? It may be that some women go to see a particularly well-dressed piece on account of the gowns, but this will hardly counterbalance the injury done by unsuitable mounting in the way of destroying a work's credibility.

"THE GREATEST 'HUSTLER' I HAVE EVER KNOWN."

—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN AT THE TARIFF COMMISSION DINNER.



MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON IN THE EDITORIAL CHAIR AT THE "DAILY EXPRESS" OFFICE.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

"A HUSTLER from Hustlersville." It is in such picturesque and complimentary terms Mr. Pearson would be characteristically described by our cousins across the Atlantic. Like so many other things American, the word has taken an abiding place among us, though, like so many other things American, it was originally English, the verb "To hustle" having its proper place in every dictionary of the language.

Something more than a "hustler," however, Mr. Pearson is, as all men must be who "arrive," and, to indulge in the expressively symbolic language of the West, he "has got there with both feet." It is something in which he may justly take a pride, for, if he is regarded from the point of view adopted by Malvolio in considering those who reach the highest places, he must assuredly fall into the second and most worthy category—in the ranks of those who "achieve greatness." He certainly was not "born great," and as certainly has not had "greatness thrust upon him." The son of a clergyman, the only prospect the lad had before him was the position he could make for himself after he left Eagle House School, at Wimbledon, and Winchester College. This he did after being carefully taught, as he

managership of the business became vacant. "Why shouldn't I be manager?" Mr. Pearson asked himself. Not finding any satisfactory reason why he should not, he applied to Sir George Newnes for the post. The conversation which ensued is probably known only to the two men, but the result was that, after a probationary period of six months, Mr. Pearson was made manager, and manager he remained for four years, at the end of which time he asked that certain definite arrangements with regard to his future position and salary should be made. To these suggestions Sir George Newnes did not see his way to agree. "Very well," said Mr. Pearson; "I'll start a paper of my own." That paper was *Pearson's Weekly*, and it went with a rush into popular favour.

It was on April 24, 1900, that Mr. Pearson entered into daily journalism with the *Daily Express*, which broke away from certain of the established traditions of the morning paper, notably in printing the most important news on the front-page, instead of devoting it, as in all others, to advertisements.

To the Tariff Reform League, of which he is Chairman, Mr. Pearson devotes a good deal of his time, as he does to the work of the

Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson, Managing Editor.

Mr. Francis Stopford, Leader Writer.

Mr. Holt, News Editor.



Mr. J. Malcolm Fraser, Assistant Night Editor.

MR. PEARSON.

Mr. E. H. Johnstone, Manager.

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, Night Editor.

THE DAILY CONFERENCE AT THE "EXPRESS" OFFICE: MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON AND THE LEADING MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

has humorously put it, everything which could be of no possible use to him in later life. One thing, however, he did learn—the value of exercise; and one thing he did acquire—splendid health, together with a sturdy, well-set-up physique, as the result of much cricket, football, lawn-tennis, hockey, and other open-air games, both at school and after he left it.

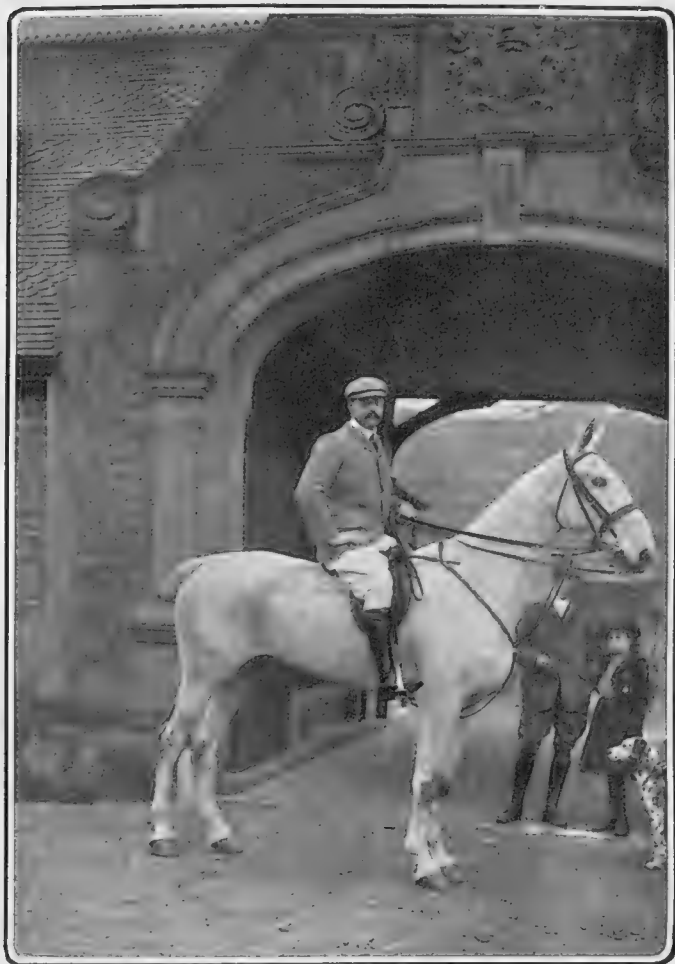
His first introduction to the world of journalism in which he has made so commanding a position was different from all others in that it did not consist in carrying round paragraphs and articles to be returned "with regrets" or accepted without effusion. Mr. Pearson's career began as the result of much laborious work. Sir (then Mr.) George Newnes offered a prize of a clerkship of a hundred pounds a-year in his office to the reader who scored the highest number of marks in a competition lasting three months, during each week of which ten questions had to be answered. More than three thousand competitors entered, and Mr. Pearson, a lad of eighteen, came out at the top of the list with four hundred and fourteen marks to his credit, the next competitor scoring only three hundred and sixty-two. Nor was that prize won without a physical exertion which gave evidence of the grit of the lad. In order to consult the best books, he often cycled sixty miles in a day, to go from Drayton, in North Bucks, where he lived, to the Bedford Public Library and back.

Before Mr. Pearson had been with Sir George Newnes a year, the

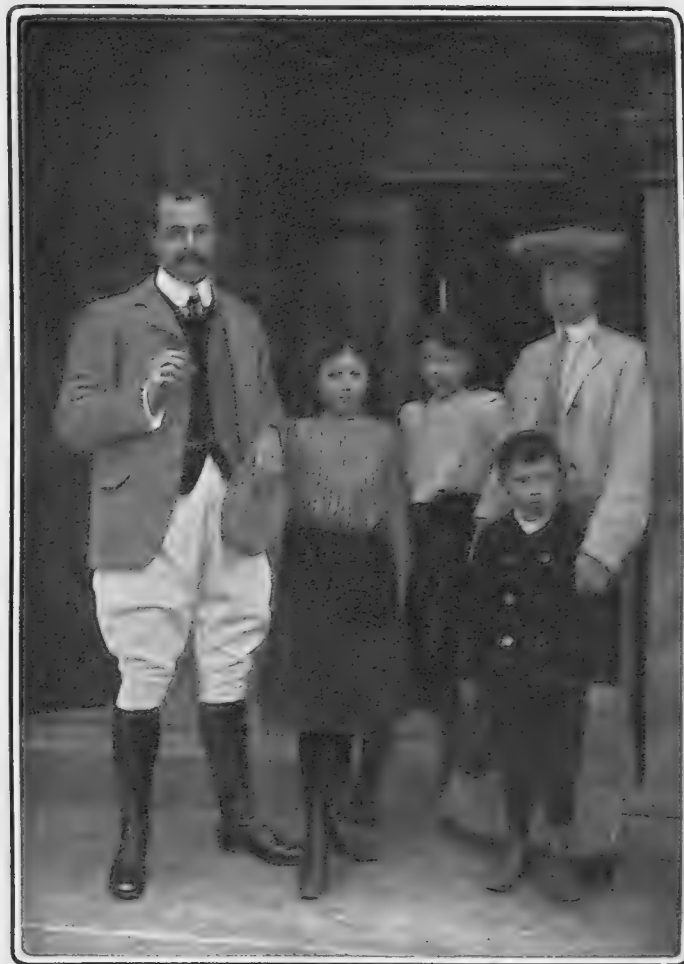
Commission, of which he is Vice-Chairman. How he manages to get through all the work involved would, perhaps, be a problem to most people, for the Tariff Reform League is a busy man's job in itself, and the work cannot be done in a *dilettante* fashion. It is got through by reason of the fact that the supervision of a daily paper enables the proprietor to put in the necessary work when he chooses, and in these days of public and private telephones a man can be psychically, if not physically, in several places at once. In Mr. Pearson's room in the *Daily Express* Office, for instance, there is a telephone to the offices in Henrietta Street, a telephone to the "T.R.L.," as it is already known, a telephone to his home in Surrey, and private telegraph-wires to the five daily papers he controls in the country—the *Midland Express* and the *Evening Dispatch* in Birmingham, the *Newcastle Mail* and *Evening Mail* in Newcastle, and the *Evening News* in Leicester. These, with the others already mentioned, plus the *St. James's Gazette*, in which he recently bought the controlling interest, serve to amply fill the day of even so voracious a worker as Mr. Pearson.

In spite of the calls on his attention, he nevertheless manages to arrange to be for a certain time nearly every day in Henrietta Street, and to have some leisure during the week-ends for motoring and riding, of which he is passionately fond. Fast motor-driving has always appealed to him, and before motor-cars came in he used to drive fast horses.

LXXVI.—MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.



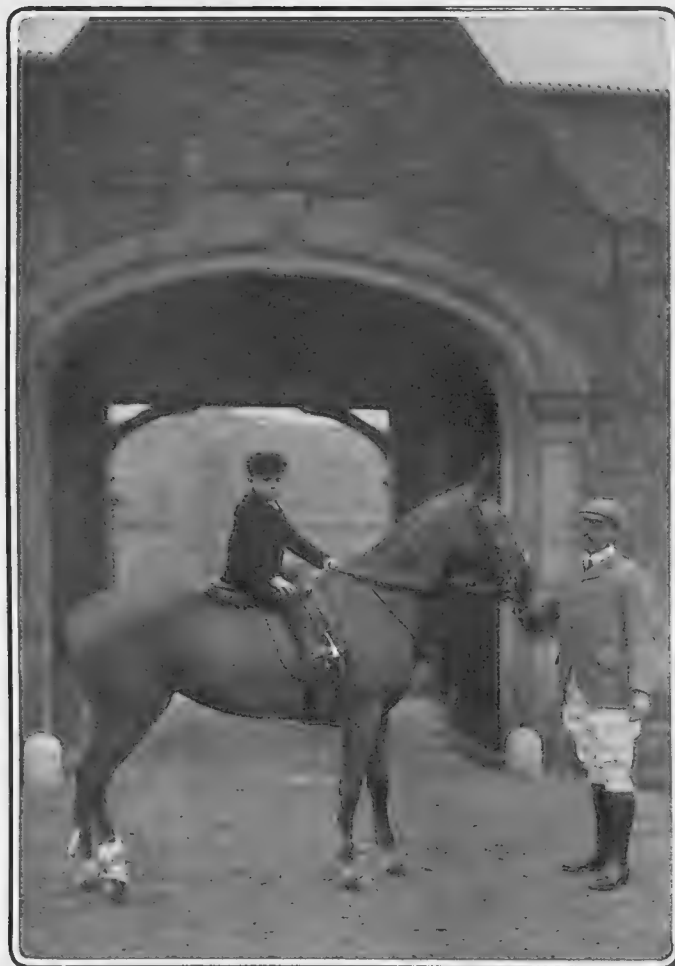
MR. PEARSON AT FRENHAM PARK, HIS COUNTRY SEAT
IN SURREY.



Pansy. Lallie. Neville.
MR. AND MRS. PEARSON AND CHILDREN.

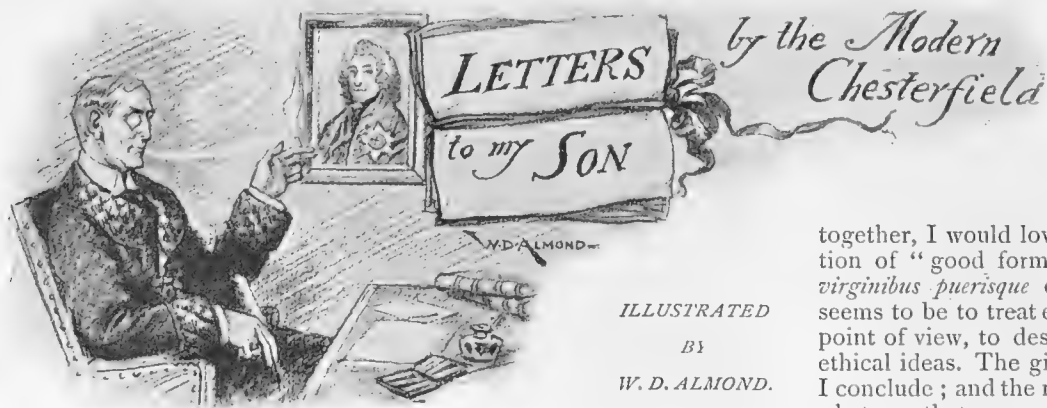


Mr. Brittain.
MR. PEARSON WITH MR. HARRY BRITTAI, AN ACTIVE MEMBER
OF THE TARIFF REFORM LEAGUE.



MASTER NEVILLE PEARSON ON HIS POLO-PONY.

Photographs exclusive to "The Sketch."



ILLUSTRATED
BY
W. D. ALMOND.

III.—ON MANNERS.

MY DEAR BOY,—Your letter delighted me as much as it astounded me. Not for an instant did I expect you to take my advice. I feel sure, however, that you won't regret doing so; though its acceptance means that you may see a great deal more of me in the future than you have ever done in the past.

Your remarks about the manners of foreigners at that very cosmopolitan watering-place to which, I suppose, some pretty face or figure—or probably both—has enticed you amused me not a little, and I am almost in complete agreement with you.

For myself—and I confess to having lived in nearly every capital in Europe—the manners of the average foreigner have never had that charm that captivates most of my unemotional fellow countrymen. Not that I am not an admirer of good manners, for that I am distinctly, but I have never been a believer in the doctrine of exaggeration or elaboration, or an admirer of the obvious. Never has the bow seemed to me the more courteous because it threatened instant destruction to the brim of a well-ironed hat, nor have I felt more gallant to have kissed a lady's hand with a hearty smack than to have inclined myself before her as well as a tendency to lumbago and

"THREATENED INSTANT DESTRUCTION
TO THE BRIM OF A WELL-IRONED HAT."

a military training would permit. I have not felt better-mannered by approaching a group of ladies hat in hand, while the capacious wind played havoc with my scanty but carefully dressed locks, than by meeting them with hat raised for an instant in token of my respect; nor have I deemed myself the better bred for arguing away a precious quarter-of-an-hour with some unknown fellow hotel-guest as to whether he or I should take precedence in the invasion of the lift. I have always raised my hat on entering a café, and I have never walked into a restaurant with one on; but neither have I worn a golf-cap with my dress-clothes, nor gone to church in knickerbockers. In a word, I pride myself on my knowledge of good manners—of almost perfect manners, if you like. And I do not consider the manners of the foreigner perfect by any manner of means.

If you compare the manners of the lower-class Briton with those of his foreign rival, then I am with you in admitting that they are infinitely preferable. But I am not talking about those sort of people now. I refer solely to the people in our own station of life—nice people, in fact. I will yield to no one my opinion that there is no better-mannered man on the face of this earth of ours than the well-travelled English gentleman. He is courteous without being in any way exaggerated, polite without being deferential, gallant without being effusive. Above all, he is never obvious.

Forgive all this gush, *mon cher fils*, but I feel the matter rather strongly, and your admiration of French manners frightens me not a little. I dread your modelling yourself upon the average *Parisien*, and losing that native frigidity tempered by experience that goes to make one of the chief charms of the true English gentleman.

Believe me, your manners are excellent as they are. A little too reminiscent of Eton and Christ Church, mayhap—the worst schools of manners I know—but still very good. You have not altogether lost your drawl, or your tendency for betraying boredom, or your patronising attitude towards young girls; but time will correct these faults of yours. Time, too, will cure your inclination to despise those who may seem to you to be unequal to you in station or in knowledge

of what some call "good form." In fact, you have not yet rubbed shoulders with the world to a sufficient degree to have got rid of those tiresome traits acquired by every young man during his period of education—traits engendered in no small degree by snobbish, unlivid masters to whom titles are of far greater importance than scholarship and "good form"—loathsome expression!—than sound knowledge.

Were I capable of putting two words together, I would love to set down in scathing print my utter detestation of "good form," as illustrated by the manners adopted by the *virginibus puerisque* of 1904. To begin with, their chief object in life seems to be to treat everything serious from the most frivolous possible point of view, to despise sentiment, ignore good feeling, and mock at ethical ideas. The girls call the men "beastly pigs," by way of flattery, I conclude; and the men refer to the girls as "rather nice little pieces," whatever that may mean. The girls model their manners on those of second-rate *cocottes*, and the men on those of the fifth-rate racecourse-frequenters. Even bad language is not infrequently exchanged, and a risky story is safe to draw a laugh in such society.

Not that, for one single instant, I would pose as a prig. *J'ai vécu*, as you know, and few harder. But I am glad to say that I have never forgotten the manners taught me by your grandfather, who believed, just as I believe, that every woman was a goddess until he had proved her a devil (and the proof had to be strong, I assure you), and behaved to her as a humble worshipper until he discovered that she was to be avoided like the plague. Perfect politeness to my parents, without anything approaching servility of manner, my father taught me also, as well as a reverence for old age, compassion for failure, and the highest respect for those who led the higher lives. Believe me, my dear boy, one can race and gamble and flirt one's life away without ceasing to be a gentleman for a single instant.

I began this letter by deploring your admiration of foreign manners, so you will find me paradoxical if I say that the best school of manners is the Continent of Europe. From each country you can acquire some little trait that will help to complete your education in this respect. The Spaniard will teach you tact, the Frenchman politeness without distinction of class, the German close observation of the minor details of etiquette, and so on. From each you will learn something without adopting the manners peculiar to any one of them.

Remember, above all things, *cher fils*, that tact is the greatest of all the possessions. It is a divine characteristic whose acquirement is far less difficult than many would have us believe. It is more valuable than genius, and it is the very essence of good manners. And it is not the sole prerogative of Kings, believe me.

Modern society would call this letter a "jaw," but I feel sure you will not take it as such. But, if I have preached, I can flatter myself



"MANNERS ADOPTED BY THE VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE OF 1904"

that in this respect I have practised. Besides, your own letter gave me a lead that I confess I was not loth to follow.

I will write again next week. I was glad to hear of your luck at baccarat. I should leave it alone after that for a little, if I were you. Good and bad luck always come in streaks, and sometimes by avoiding the Goddess one may give a bad streak or two the slip.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

Tennyson's Heroines. * *Drawn by A. Forestier.*



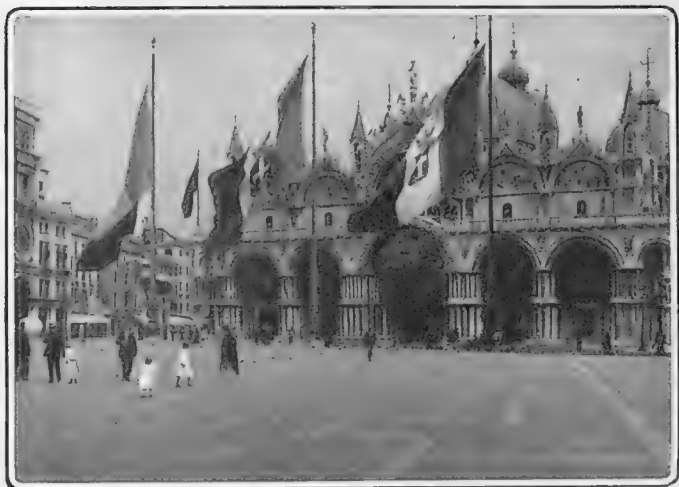
VIII.—LYNETTE

*"Then that same day there past into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,*

*Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."*

—"GARETH AND LYNETTE."

SOME CHARMING VIEWS OF VENICE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.



THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL WHICH WAS DAMAGED BY THE COLLAPSE OF THE CAMPANILE.



A SCENE ON THE GRAND CANAL.



ON THE QUAY OF ZATTERE.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOGE'S PALACE.



OFF THE ISLAND OF GIUDECCA.



PORTRAIT OF A VENETIAN BEAUTY, TAKEN IN THE OLD ABBAZIA SAN GREGORIO.



LACE-WORKERS AT SAN PIETRO, AN ISLAND IN THE VENICE LAGOON.

Photographs by G. R. Ballance, St. Moritz.

TWO SENSATIONAL "TURNS" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



BEING HAULED UP TO THE WIRE.



POSING FOR HER PHOTOGRAPH (THE POLE IS MERELY FOR BALANCING PURPOSES).

"SAN TOY," A DARING PERFORMER ON THE HIGH WIRE.



JOE HASTINGS, CHAMPION JUMPER OF THE WORLD.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I NOTE with regret in my morning paper the announcement that Sir Hugh MacDonell has joined the majority. When I met him, he was our Ambassador to Portugal, a very kind and courteous old gentleman who went out of his way to be of considerable service to me. His experience in diplomacy was very wide and far-reaching. Brazil, Spain, Germany, Italy, and Denmark had been visited in this country's service before he was summoned to take charge of the Embassy at Lisbon, and behind nearly fifty years of diplomatic service there was a short but not inglorious record of military work. Sir Hugh MacDonell did a great deal to bring about the *entente* that now exists between Great Britain and Portugal. When he went for the first time to Lisbon, relations between the two countries were strained seriously and no Englishman was popular in the Portuguese capital. The cause of trouble was Portuguese African administration.

In his quiet, dogged, strenuous way, the late Ambassador did the State a great service, acknowledged in part by his "G.C.M.G." and membership of the Privy Council. He once gave me a brief but very interesting review of outstanding questions between Great Britain and Portugal, and, when it was over, added, "This, of course, is all spoken within four walls, and there are no echoes." Needless to add that

I took the hint, and it closed my attempts to deal with Anglo-Portuguese politics in newspapers. He regretted the lack of interest taken by the British Press in the affairs of Portugal. "An undeveloped country," he said to me once, "Portugal is full of resources that would respond to British capital. It is a country whose destiny is matter of our special care, whose position in South Africa is of high interest to us. And yet there is little or no news from Lisbon in the best London papers, while other cities whose future is matter of less concern to us are served by resident Correspondents."

I have read with more than passing interest the letters from Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, the great specialist who knows as much as any living man about skin-diseases in general and leprosy in particular. He holds that bad fish accounts for leprosy, and that if fish-curing could be properly supervised, so that the quality of the salt as well as fish was not below a fixed standard, leprosy would soon be stamped out. He considers that the fasts of the Roman Catholic Church are answerable for the spread of leprosy. "If," he says, "the Roman Church would either allow flesh-meat on fast-days, or—following the usage of the Greek Church—forbid fish as well as flesh, there are large communities from which leprosy would, I believe, soon wholly disappear."

From such an authority these are serious words. More important still is Dr. Hutchinson's reference to Robben Island, off Cape Town, where five hundred lepers suffer perpetual imprisonment. He declares that leprosy is neither contagious nor infectious if the simplest precautions are taken, and that the Cape Government's action in confining the unfortunate sufferers is consequently unjustified. He points out that there are lepers in Paris and lepers in London who have probably acquired the disease abroad, and have been admitted to the two great capitals without doing any harm to the healthy people with whom they come in contact. I have seen lepers in Eastern cities and have been assured by natives that they do not transmit their disease. Naturally enough, the native evidence is not worth much, but if the leper did spread his disease abroad he would soon be put out of the way. The instinct of self-preservation is a very business-like affair in the East, and humanitarian scruples do not count for much.

I am sorry to read day by day the sad fate of people summoned for tearing up parts of the Metropolis in search of the hidden treasure, and, late in the season though it be, I have a pertinent suggestion for a *modus vivendi* that should appeal to newspaper-proprietors and the authorities alike. We do not want the Metropolis dug up or our best buildings undermined, even in the interests of a Sunday paper; but there are heaps of spots in England that are badly in need of spade-work. Let me suggest to enterprising newspaper-proprietors that they put their buried treasure in some of the derelict land of which, unfortunately, these islands have so large a share. There, at least, the labours of the loafer who is on the hunt for unearned increment will be productive.

Who knows? Perhaps some of the searchers who are making the land fit to fulfil its natural function will be so charmed with the work and surroundings that they will remain in the country and help to solve the problems that have arisen since the country folk came to town. There are countless landowners ready to place fields at the service of the newspaper-proprietors. I confess without shame that I like to read of papers that must offer a cash bonus to obtain readers. There is no high-faluting nonsense about literary merit or first-class journalism about the business. You don't buy the paper to read what is in it, except so far as the matter relates to the buried money. The one thing I can't understand is why newspaper-proprietors publish any more of the paper than relates to competitions. Who can be expected to turn from the fascinating story of the man who goes about shedding fifty-pound coupons to the dry-as-dust matters of Fiscal policy, Somaliland Campaign, or war in the Far East?



PAGES FROM MY ALBUM OF BORES.

VI.—THE MAN WHO WOULD SHOW YOU THE PROPER WAY TO RULE AN EMPIRE, EDIT A NEWSPAPER, MANAGE A THEATRE, AND CURE YOUR YOUNGEST CHILD'S COUGH.

FOUR NEW NOVELS.

"MY FRIEND PROSPERO."

By HENRY HARLAND.
(John Lane. 6s.)

The novel-reader who loves an engrossing plot, dotes on an entanglement, and cannot be happy without at least one misunderstanding, will do well to avoid "My Friend Prospero," the new work of fiction by the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-box." For here is a book, wonderful to relate, containing nothing of envy, hatred, malice, uncharitableness. There is not a single character, moreover, who can whine of poverty or sickness, grief or pain. Prospero, Prospero's lady-love, little Annunziata, Lady Blanchemain—they are all as happy as the sun is bright and the world is beautiful. To be sure, little Annunziata once becomes slightly indisposed at the idea of being changed into a monkey when she dies, but she is tended so lovingly by her friend Prospero and Maria Dolores, his lady-love, and prattles so sweetly and so usefully during her brief moments of delirium that the reader rather envies the child that "small, bare room, cell-like, with its white-washed walls, its iron cot, its Crucifix, its narrow window (through which wide miles of valley shone)." For the rest, all is laughter, and love, and—other labials.

So much having been said, it will be evident that Mr. Harland has not attempted to tear a page, or even a fly-leaf, from the book of Life. And, indeed, why should he? Mr. Harland is nothing if not an Idealist, and the man who looks to him for realism will probably accuse Mr. Kipling of bombast. The author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-box" has a special mission to fulfil in the world of letters. He has to convince us that Art, while pretending to hold the mirror up to Nature, really invites us to emulate the adventurous Alice and step through the looking-glass. See, for example, how the heroine enters. Old Lady Blanchemain is talking: "A castle in a garden, a flowering valley, and the Italian sky—the Italian sun and moon! Your portraits of these smiling dead women, too, if you like, to keep your imagination working. And blackcaps singing in the mimosa. No, no. The lady of the piece is waiting in the wings—my thumb pricks. Give her but the least excuse, she'll enter, and . . ." Well, and then she entered. What are you wriggling in your chair for, Mr. Matter-of-fact? For Heaven's sake, step through the looking-glass and look sharp about it! Then, with the rest of the world, you will be able to enjoy your Harland.

"A CRIMINAL CRÆSUS."

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.
(John Long. 6s.)

Mr. George Griffith has given us many interesting and thrilling stories, yet it may be doubted whether he has ever written anything more absorbing than "A Criminal Cræsus." The "Criminal Cræsus," as Lord of a weird Under-world, reigns supreme over a little kingdom wherein gold and silver coin and bank-notes are manufactured which defy detection and threaten to upset the financial equilibrium of every civilised State. With the aid of a palatial yacht of phenomenal speed, manned by a villainous but trustworthy crew, and equipped with the most elaborate electrical and other appliances, he maintains communication with his submarine dominions for a time without exciting the least suspicion. One little miscalculation, however, combined with the over-zealousness of a trusted adviser, puts everything awry, and, just as the Cræsus seems to be on the point of becoming the mighty head of a confederation of States able to impose its will on the Kingdoms and Republics of the Over-world, the crash comes. It would be unfair to say more than this, and Mr. Griffith carries the story to its happy conclusion in so interesting a manner, utilising by the way such up-to-date means as wireless messages and Radium, that lovers of stirring fiction might not thank one for revealing the end.

"ABANDONED."

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
(Methuen. 6s.)

Mr. W. Clark Russell, in search of a *motif*, has wandered into strange paths, and desirous, laudably enough, to avoid the conventional, has been beguiled into an excess of unconventionality. His heroine must at times have been embarrassing to him, and is certainly many times embarrassing to those who follow her career in his pages. She has been courted and won in the customary manner; but during the wedding ceremony—while the clergyman looks "at her over his spectacles somewhat pointedly, then at the man whom he was transmuting into the golden state of husband, God wot!"—her claim to be recognised as a normal individual ceases. We prefer not to particularise here as to the course of conduct she suddenly and inexplicably adopts—a course that sends her husband

to solitary lodgings and makes it necessary for him to kidnap his wife when he wishes her to accompany him on a voyage. Suffice it to say that it is vastly daring, and, to our thinking, not at all the sort of "problem" that should come under discussion or analysis in a novel. Once he had decided upon the working of his plot, Mr. Clark Russell would doubtless have found it exceedingly hard to re-create his opening chapters, certainly he could not have handled his material with greater care for the proprieties, but the *motif* remains, and it is the *motif* to which we object. The first part of his book abounds in absurdities of phrase and thought, and he would have been wiser had he kept to the limits to which he has accustomed himself and which have gained him numerous admirers. That his hand has not lost its cunning is evident. That part of the novel dealing with sea-life—the wreck of the *Flying Spur*, the casting of the hero upon a desert island, and that hero's Crusoe-like existence there—is entertaining enough and is pleasantly reminiscent of much of his former work.

"FOUR RED ROSES."

By SARAH TYTLER.
(John Long. 6s.)

In these days of questionable plots and doubtful themes, the mere fact that a story may lay claim to being innocuous and healthy is a point in its favour. Sarah Tytler's public likes a pretty love-story with a happy ending, and they will have what they wish in this account of the two pairs of

half-sisters, styled by an artist with a taste for Shakspeare "Four Red Roses." These daughters of a somewhat shiftless yeoman farmer, who lets ruin overtake him, are soon transplanted from their beautiful old farm to the dreary purlieus of West Kensington. Before the crash, however, the two elder girls, Mattie and Cissie, had, in an incredibly short time, become respectively married and engaged, but, as the husband and *fiancé* are immediately despatched to the war—and through three-fourths of the book Mattie's husband is believed to have been killed—the story is principally concerned with the life of the four women in London, and their efforts to keep their poor old father, Mattie's baby-boy, and themselves from starving. After repeated disappointments, Ross and Bruce, the younger ones, find employment, one as a clerk and the other arranging flowers for dinner-parties in an hotel. The character of Bruce, who is represented as very impetuous and full of high spirits, serves to lighten the story, and to her falls the chief matrimonial prize, in the shape of Captain Roger Wyndham, a country squire endowed with all the fitting attributes of a girl's hero, even down to a *blasé* manner. Indeed, what country maid could resist the fascinations of such a man? Of course, it is not to be expected that we shall not be confronted in a story of this type with "the sweet delirium of love's young dream," the "discomfited start," "the damask rose in her cheek," but one is tempted to prefer nowadays a leaning towards the old-fashioned penny novelette rather than a bias in the direction of the typical "problem" novel of the twentieth century.



MR. J. ALFRED SPENDER,
EDITOR OF THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."
Photograph by Beresford. (See "Small Talk of the Week," page 82.)

THE HUMOURIST AND THE NEW REGULATIONS.



VICTIM (*rather dazed*): Let me see, now; all I've got to do is to remember that number.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE GALLERY.



LITTLE GENTLEMAN: 'Ere! Stow that noise, will yer! You've got enough jor fer four rows of teeth, you 'ave.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE WITS OF BASIL WYNYARD.

By ROY HORNIMAN.



HERE was nothing of the adventurer in Basil Wynyard's appearance as he lay on a sofa before his bedroom-fire at Hawthorn Park smoking a cigarette. He merely suggested a well-bred young guest of an aristocratic hostess taking his ease after a good day's shooting, and rejoicing in the luxury and solitude of his own room as an antidote to the buzzing which a large house-party at afternoon-tea had left in his ears.

And yet, as a conclusion to the process of taking stock of himself—which he had been doing for the last twenty minutes—he was compelled to admit that there was probably not a person in the house, not even excluding the servants, who would have described him otherwise than as an adventurer had they known on how small

a basis of capital or effort his existence was founded. This confession, made to himself because he was far too astute a young man to double a danger by ignoring it, irritated him. He had a sincere longing to be so dovetailed into the life of his smart friends as to be really one of them; and to this end he had, any time for the last four or five years, been looking out for a wife sufficiently wealthy to ensure this delightful consummation.

Basil was twenty-seven, and had, so far, managed to balance himself on the extreme sharpness of his wits. He had held from his outset in life that, if a man be born into the world a gentleman, and justify that title by the possession of charming manners and the outward indications of good breeding, society owed him a certain debt, which society, if it forgot to do so, should be made to pay. He also held that, if a man be born with the said gentlemanly requisites, it must be his own fault should he go under.

People were always willing to pay in kind for being amused, and there were enough luncheon and dinner invitations to last a young man all the year round if he happened to be entertaining and good-looking.

He had a cave of refuge in London, in the shape of a bed-sitting-room on the fourth floor at a good address, and his minor expenses were a matter of no great difficulty to one who had the whole racing calendar at his fingers' ends, if he took care not to parade the fact too conspicuously.

To be well-dressed is easy to such as Basil Wynyard.

It is quite simple to ask a friend for the name of his tailor after a good dinner, and on the merest hint from a really rich man his tailor will always oblige any one of his friends, because, if the friend should not pay, the amount can be quite easily and imperceptibly grafted on to the bill of the introducer.

Basil perfectly understood this system, but yet the tradesmen in question treated him as if he were a most remunerative customer, and he always knew where to draw the line and when to secure a new introduction. And not all the Tradesmen's Protection Societies in the world will be able to thwart so laudable an intention of those born financially out-of-drawing to restore a just balance.

Boots and other ecceteras were obtained on the same principle, only not quite so easily, for tailors seem to be a race apart in their touching trust in human nature.

But a life built thus upon uneasy speculation must needs have its dark and sombre moments, and it was indeed a dark and sombre thing for a young man to find himself in a country-house without even his railway-fare back to town or a soul in the place who cared about cards. And this was the unhappy position of Basil Wynyard.

He was too clever to commit in any way a deed which would put him in the position of an outsider, and he did not care to draw a cheque, however small, which might possibly not be met.

The term of his visit was drawing to a close, and he happened to know that it would not be extended, as his hostess had made her arrangements. Therefore he sat before the comfortable wood-fire in this delightful old English mansion, and the red glow played across a face quite distorted with the intensity of inward debate. It was necessary to do something. What that something was it was impossible for him to determine upon. He had never been in such a hole before.

He was on the eve of what might be a solution of the problem of how to "get there."

There was an heiress in the house who had shown a distinct partiality for him. She was leaving Hawthorn Park on the same day as himself, and she had thrown out a strong hint that if he cared to follow her to St. Moritz, whither she was taking a consumptive cousin, it would not be entirely disagreeable.

Basil knew that she had not the least intention at the moment of doing otherwise than keeping him hanging after her during what might be a very dull time. But Basil had infinite confidence in himself. How to obtain the money to take him abroad was a question which must be settled speedily, and, as he lay and pondered, more and more hopeless did the prospect seem.

He would want a hundred pounds at the very least, and that would barely see him through. What was to be done he knew not.

As he lay thinking there came a knock at the door, and there entered the only other young man of his own age staying in the house.

"Are you asleep? I've just been having a nap myself. That east wind makes me feel quite dazed."

"I've not been asleep," said Basil; "I've been thinking."

"It's a bad habit, and I shouldn't make a practice of it. People who think get so beastly dull. By Jove! Why aren't you dressed? You'll be late, and you'll have Sir William scowling at you all during the soup."

"If he would only eat his soup with somewhat less noise, I wouldn't mind his scowling," said Basil, imperturbably.

"Oh, you're so beastly cool! Nothing ever worries you."

"Doesn't it?" Basil raised his eyebrows as he leisurely removed himself from the sofa, and, going to the dressing-table, lighted the candles which he had extinguished, the soft glow of the firelight having been soothing to his excited reflections.

"Hope I'm not in the way?" Young Beaumont placed himself on the sofa, drawing up his knees to his chin.

"Not in the least—but you'll crease your trousers if you sit like that."

Under the pretence of making a minute inspection of his own reflection in the mirror, he was examining the other young man's face carefully, just to see if there might be anything in its expression which suggested a man likely to lend him a hundred pounds or more. He was rich, Basil knew; but it was a weak face, and he was the descendant of generations of close-fisted men, from whom, if he had inherited none of their ability to make, he had inherited their capacity for keeping money with even more intensity.

Basil saved himself the annoyance of a refusal, and contemplated his own image in the glass with a rueful reflection that it should not have enough capital to exploit itself.

And yet young Beaumont was eyeing him enviously. His own pasty face, with its weak chin, and silly, aimless nose, was, perhaps, the one thing he would have exchanged cheerfully with Wynyard. It was irritating to him that his hair, with any amount of brushing, would not lie with the perfect appearance of being well-groomed which Basil managed to achieve by just laying the brushes on his own glossy head.

"You are leaving to-morrow, aren't you?" Basil asked.

"Yes. Rather sorry in some ways, glad in others. Although country-houses are very much alike, I nearly always get bored after I've been in the place two days. The girls here are above the average."

Basil did not answer. To his fastidious ears Beaumont was apt to sound somewhat out-of-tune on the subject of women.

"I say, Wynyard," he went on—for he was not a person who required encouragement to chatter like a monkey—"why don't you make up to the Cheveley girl? It's quite obvious she's very gone on you, and she's just the match for you."

Basil could not be deaf to flattery so very soothing to the state of mind he was in.

"What has a penniless devil like myself got to do with heiresses?"

"Well, if heiresses were not made for fellows who are hard-up, who were they made for?"

"I don't think that's exactly the way they look at it," said Basil, surveying his long, slim figure in the glass with some satisfaction.

"Oh, you're just the sort of man who can do anything with a woman! I heard Lady Millard telling Miss Cheveley that she thought you had such a sad face, and that she was certain your life had not been a happy one. Of course, I laughed."

"I don't see what there was to laugh at," said Basil.

"By the way, do you know who's coming here to-morrow?"

"No, I haven't the remotest idea."

"Why, old Lord Dovercourt."

"Oh, Lady Millard's brother?"

"Yes, I heard her saying that it was frightfully awkward, but that he would insist on coming."

"Awkward—why?"

"What, don't you know?"

"Never met the man in my life."

"Why, he's a kleptomaniac. When he pays this house a visit they lock up everything that's valuable. You'll see, all those nicknacks in the drawing-room will have disappeared to-morrow—miniatures and things of that sort, you know."

"Why don't they lock him up?"

"Don't like to, I suppose. If he takes anything, you know, his servant returns it to you the next day."

"I see. Does he ever take money?"

"Oh Lord, yes! Thinks nothing of taking anybody else's change when he's out shopping. Of course, it doesn't matter so very much because he's so enormously rich. Once he picked the Prime Minister's pocket when he was making a political speech in the House of Lords."

Basil appeared to be hardly listening to Beaumont, but was humming a tune gently, a habit he had when he was thinking deeply.

The gong went just as he put the finishing touches to his toilet.

Beaumont made a hurried dash downstairs, being in mortal dread of his host; but Basil followed at his leisure, and, though five seconds late, was quite unmoved by Sir William's frown.

He was taking in Miss Cheveley, and it was certainly getting obvious that she cared for him. It was perfectly plain that if he did not go to St. Moritz she would put it down to indifference on his part, unless he told her the truth—that he was penniless, in the real and not in the figurative sense; and such a straightforward course never suggested itself for one moment to him. It was a thing, somehow, not in the scheme of his character.

Besides, an idea had begun to simmer in his brain—an idea that grew and grew to such an extent that he became more and more excited as the evening wore on, and, indeed, showed himself so much at his very best that Miss Cheveley made up her mind that she would accept him directly he came to St. Moritz if he should ask her, and further made up her mind to face all that her friends might have to say as to her marrying a penniless nobody.

Basil was out shooting the whole of the next day, and at tea he met Lord Dovercourt.

He thought that Lady Millard looked dreadfully preoccupied, and was consumed with laughter, on taking Lord Dovercourt's tea-cup from him, to notice that the spoon was missing.

At dinner Lord Dovercourt talked a good deal, and talked very well. His own man waited on him, and it was noticeable that this most respectable-looking individual never took his eyes off his master.

After dinner, his Lordship wandered round the drawing-room, evidently quite depressed at the lack of portable articles.

In the billiard-room he mistook the tails of his coat for the pockets, and red was nowhere to be found. After he had retired, it was brought down again by his man, who laid it solemnly on the table without comment and retired.

Basil was poking his fire till an early hour in the morning, making the most appalling row, so much so that Lord Dovercourt, who slept next to him, asked indignantly at the breakfast-table who was his neighbour and if he suffered from insomnia.

Basil saved Lady Millard the discomfort of explaining that it was he, and said that he was afraid he had sat up very late, and that it was quite true he had been unable to sleep.

He was out shooting again all that day. Lord Dovercourt did not shoot, and Basil wondered whether it was because he had a habit of taking other men's birds.

Miss Cheveley came out to lunch, and, afterwards, she and Basil went for a short walk. "What is that funny little place like a lighthouse at the top of that hill?" she asked.

"Let us go and inspect it. It's a look-out. Sir William's father built it. He was a great hunter, and when he was too old to follow the hounds he built that, and he used to sit up there on a revolving chair, and, with the aid of a powerful telescope, scour the country for miles around and practically follow the hunt."

She laughed.

"What a persevering old gentleman! Do you think you could ever be as persevering as that?" There was a challenge in her eyes.

"I think so," he said; and then, accepting the challenge and seeing that, for all her wilfulness, she was a woman who was longing to be mastered—for he had a subtle appreciation of the feminine—he added, "Whenever I have made up my mind to do a thing I have generally succeeded." And he gave her a glance from his dark eyes, one of those glances which young Beaumont would have given quite a considerable sum to have been able to purchase, and which—as he put it—"women are so damned silly about."

"You believe in yourself?" she asked.

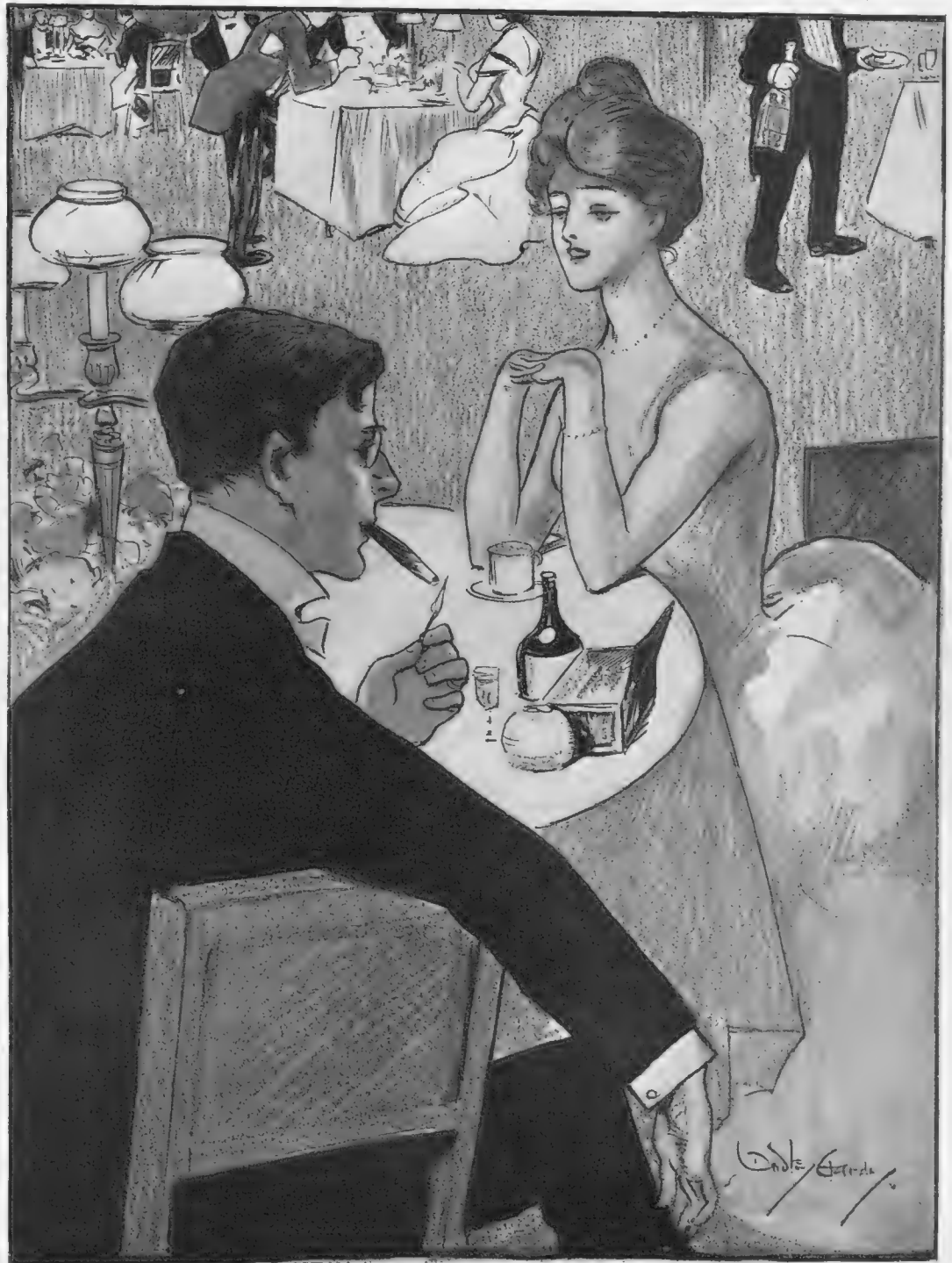
"I wouldn't give much for a man who didn't."

There was quite a ring of manly sincerity in his voice; for when Basil was acting he was a true artist, and realised that the secret of conviction was mood, and so much had he thrown himself into the mood of the single-minded lover that she was quite carried away.

They walked round the look-out, and the conversation became so thoroughly encouraging that Basil almost stumbled on a proposal, but, dreading what was coming, she interrupted him to ask if it were quite certain that he was coming to St. Moritz. She, in fact, gave him to understand that she would prefer him not to say anything till then. She was leaving the next morning and explained that she would be gone before he was down.

He, of course, declared that he should get up and see her off, even if it were in the middle of the night, but she hinted that it would be better for her if he betrayed no interest at all in her departure.

He called himself a fool for not risking everything and declaring himself; but he was playing for what was to him, a tremendous stake, and he had, curiously enough, grown a little nervous.



As a matter of fact, she practically proposed to him.
"THE WITS OF BASIL WYNARD."

[DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.]

The prospect of a handsome wife with a large fortune, whom he really felt that he could love, turned him quite dizzy.

They sat together in a corner of the drawing-room all the evening, while Lord Dovercourt wandered round and looked for *bric-à-brac*.

Lady Millard, having a cosy chat with Mrs. Trent-Uppingham in her own room, while the soothing operation of hair-brushing was in process, told her that she was quite glad Miss Cheveley was going, as, if she had married young Wynyard, "who comes from Heaven only knows where, the Cheveleys would have made a most tremendous row."

"Mr. Wynyard, one of the Gloucestershire Wynyards?"

"Oh dear, no!"

"How did you meet him?"

"Oh, everybody knows him! One of those delightful young men with a little money who are so useful."

The next morning, Basil walked up and down in some perturbation before he left his bedroom. He was trying to make up his mind to do something which wanted nerve and courage.

He knew that if he once made up his mind he should go through with it, and suddenly he drew himself together, and murmuring, "It's my only chance," opened his door and looked cautiously up and down the passage. It was the mystic hour when the upper storeys of a house are deserted, when the occupants have left their bedrooms and the house-maids have not yet begun their work. A profound silence lay over the whole corridor.

Basil went swiftly, his cheek paling a little, to Lord Dovercourt's door and knocked. There was no answer. He opened it. The room was empty. For one moment he paused and listened. Then, after another swift glance up and down the passage, he entered the room and looked around. He at once saw what he wanted—a half-opened portmanteau.

Still moving with extraordinary rapidity, but keeping himself well in hand, and without showing the least trace of feverishness or agitation, he thrust his hand deep down into the portmanteau, and then, withdrawing it, made for the door. The plunge back again into the corridor was preceded by just the shadow of a hesitation. It wanted courage to risk running into the arms of a house-maid, or, perhaps, right up against Lord Dovercourt's man. But a few more seconds and he was back in his room, his heart pulsating as if it would suffocate him.

There was no time to be lost, and he went downstairs. Miss Cheveley had gone. He knew that, because he had jumped out of bed early in the morning and stood, with shivering limbs, peeping through the blinds as she drove off.

Lady Millard noticed that he was quite pale, but attributed it to the departure of Miss Cheveley. She began to feel quite sorry for him.

"He really is very handsome," she thought, "and it seems quite a shame that he should be made to suffer. I must try and see if I can keep him here a day or two longer and cheer him up."

Even Sir William rallied him on his depressed appearance.

"Why, my boy, what has happened to your spirits? Don't feel seedy, do you?"

Basil said, "No, Sir William, I'm not seedy."

The answer was intended to convey that he was far from feeling himself.

They were shooting again that day, and the men retired to the gun-room to smoke and have a look round while Sir William got through a certain amount of business.

Basil went with the others, but, as soon as he calculated that Sir William was safely in the library, he followed him there.

The butler was with Sir William, going into the matter of the wine-cellar, and Basil said he would come back again in a minute.

"Don't go, don't go!" Sir William was always very courteous to Basil. The latter had shown so little trepidation at any ill-humour which he might display that he had conceived a certain admiration for a young man who, he felt, ought really to count as a nobody.

The butler was dismissed.

"You noticed, Sir William, that I looked rather depressed at breakfast. I think I ought to tell you the reason why."

Sir William looked at him in amazement, wondering what on earth was coming next.

"It's a most unpleasant thing to have to talk about, and one would really much rather not say anything about it at all." He paused long enough for Sir William to interrupt.

"My dear boy, go on! I am sorry to see you looking so distressed."

Basil was quite pleased to hear that he was really looking distressed, and began to enjoy the situation.

"Well, Sir William, I've missed some jewellery from my room."

Sir William gasped.

"And also some money," added Basil, hastily, afraid lest his nerve should give way and he should whittle down his intentions till they were of no mortal use to him. "The money was in a pocket-book, and the jewellery and the pocket-book were together in the dressing-table drawer."

Sir William looked at him with a face full of horror and perplexity.

At last he said, remembering vaguely the attitude of a detective who was called in on the occasion of a burglary at his town-house—

"Can you describe the articles?"

"Yes. There was a pearl pin, and a pair of links studded with small rubies."

"And how much money?"

"A hundred and forty pounds." Then he added quickly, as he saw

a look of astonishment on Sir William's face, "I am going abroad to-morrow, and had drawn enough to see me through."

"I see, I see!" Sir William rang the bell. "I must tell my wife, Mr. Wynyard. She will know exactly what to do."

"I am so sorry to cause Lady Millard distress," murmured Basil. And, when the story was told to her, his finely pencilled eyebrows contracted with such a real expression of pain that Lady Millard felt that they could not do sufficient to make it up to him.

She guessed what she felt to be the truth at once.

"Now, Mr. Wynyard, you must not worry yourself any more about it, and if you look so unhappy it will make me quite wretched. I think it's very nice of you to be so cut-up."

"Of course, the money doesn't matter," said Basil, "but the links were a gift from my—"

He was about to say "mother," but checked himself, and Lady Millard interrupted him and saved him the strain of substituting "aunt," which would have been quite ineffective.

"Now, you are to go out and vent your annoyance on the birds."

Basil had a very good day's shooting, a little marred by the fact that he was obliged to put on a preoccupied look whenever Sir William's eyes fell upon him. As he was dressing, a message was brought to him from Lady Millard, asking if he could manage to see her and her husband in the library a few minutes before dinner.

Sir William was alone when he entered, and the absolute geniality of his manner reassured Basil as to whether his suspicions could have been aroused in any way. Lady Millard shimmered into the room, a dream of pink chiffon and silver.

"Dear Mr. Wynyard, we are so sorry—but it can all be explained."

Basil tried to look as if he wondered how on earth they were going to explain the extracting of money and jewellery from his bedroom.

"It is my fault. I ought to have told you—only I thought you would be sure to know. Poor, dear Dovercourt is afflicted, you know."

Basil looked at her inquiringly.

"He's a kleptomaniac, and we daren't leave anything about. He must have been to your room, for Mason, his man, found the links and tie-pin in his portmanteau. The money can't be found anywhere, but, of course, Sir William will write you a cheque."

"Oh, really, Lady Millard, so long as I have those dear links—"

"Oh, but we insist!"

"My dear Wynyard," said Sir William, "I have already written the cheque and told my man to put it on your dressing-table. A hundred and forty pounds, I think you said?"

Basil endorsed Sir William's supposition, at the same time wishing he had made it more.

"And if you want any change, just send down to me."

"For the future," said Lady Millard, turning to her husband, "Dovercourt must have two men. It will never do for him to be left alone again. And now let us go to dinner."

A few days afterwards, Basil was at St. Moritz, and Miss Cheveley, who had discovered only after she had left Hawthorn Park how very much her affections were engaged, beamed upon him.

They skated together and they tobogganed together, and so admirably did Basil conduct his campaign that not only did she accept him, but the suggestion that they should be married at once, before they returned to England, came from her. As a matter of fact, she practically proposed to him, so well did he play the part of a young man who was too high-minded to marry such wealth. She ventured timidly to mention the word "settlements," but he was not in the least afraid. He really was in love with her, and he could trust his own cleverness, and he was quite sure that he would be the very best-conducted person in the world with a share in ten thousand a-year.

The Cheveleys stormed and raved, but they could discover nothing against Basil except that he was penniless. True, his father was nobody, but he had held the King's commission and was a gentleman.

They returned to town in the Season.

Lady Millard was most civil. In fact, she was telling young Beaumont one day what a charming couple she thought they were.

"And, after all, Mr. Beaumont, when a woman is as rich as that, what does it matter whom she marries so long as the man is nice?"

"Quite right! I always liked Wynyard." As a matter of fact, Beaumont always liked anybody who was prosperous.

"So awkward, you know—poor Dovercourt stole his money and jewels. Really, I'm quite glad they have decided to lock him up."

"Wynyard ought to have been more careful," said Beaumont. "I told him all about Dovercourt and warned him."

Lady Millard gazed at him in stupefaction.

"You are quite sure you told him?"

"Quite certain! We had a conversation about it."

Young Beaumont took his departure, and Lady Millard was left to her own reflections. It was all very perplexing. Mr. Wynyard had certainly declared that he was quite in ignorance of her brother's peculiarity. What motive could he possibly have had? The jewellery was found in Lord Dovercourt's bag, so there was no doubt about the theft being genuine. Then she remembered the money, which the man-servant had been unable to discover. It was really all most perplexing.

Whatever vague suspicions rose in Lady Millard's mind, she put them away. It was obvious that nothing could be proved, and it would be much easier to say nothing about it and be civil to the Wynyards—especially as she had promised to present Mr. Wynyard's sister.

And Basil became a country gentleman and attained his ambition of living a luxurious life in the very best-sets.

Which is all very immoral, but so it was.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE theatrical changes looming in the more or less immediate future are assuming a portentousness that must be somewhat alarming to those ardent first-nighters who *would*—and those, alas, often less ardent dramatic critics who *must*—attend every *première*. For example, at least two important plays are vanishing from their respective homes forthwith. These are “A Country Girl,” which has had over two years’ run at Daly’s, and “Letty,” which has only achieved some six-score performances at the Duke of York’s. Indeed, “A Country Girl,” according to Mr. Edwardes’s latest arrangements, will doubtless have disappeared from town ere these theatrical notes appear in print. Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero’s “Shop Girl” comedy (as one may call it) will not depart from Mr. Charles Frohman’s St. Martin’s Lane house until next Saturday, the 6th inst.

As regards literary quality, it would, of course, be foolish to compare the long-lived Daly’s hilarious hotch-potch with Mr. Pinero’s cleverly planned if not altogether cleverly worked-out play. Both pieces, however, may be said to be equal in one thing—namely, that they each received what a certain class of sporting reporter always delights to describe as “adventitious aids.” That is to say, “A Country Girl” certainly had a fillip, and just when it wanted it, by reason of the action by a certain journalist-playwright who alleged plagiarism on the part of the concocters of the Daly mixture. On the other hand, “Letty” assuredly derived some impetus at first from the attacks made upon the play by sundry shop-girl defenders.

Mr. George Edwardes’s next production at Daly’s will be “Beautiful Ceylon,” another musical play, again chiefly written by Mr. J. T. Tanner and again principally set to music by Mr. Lionel Monckton. The successor to the Pinero play at the Duke of York’s will be the comedy entitled “Captain Dieppe,” written by Messrs. Anthony Hope and Harrison Rhoades, and recently tried in America, where, by the way, Mr. Hope’s “Prisoner of Zenda” play, adapted by Mr. Edward Rose, was first produced.

In the meantime, the very next new play promised at the West-End is “The Love-Birds,” written by Mr. George Grossmith junior and composed by Mr. Raymond Roze, son of the famous opera-singer, Marie Roze. This musical comedy is, according to latest arrangements, due at the renovated Savoy next Saturday night.

The next-in-order threatened new play is an American-made melodrama, written by Mr. Theo Kremer (author of that stupendous work, “A Fatal Wedding”), entitled “An Actor’s Romance.” This new example of drama-“dumping” on our shores contains, I learn, a certain “startling episode” of which much, perhaps too much, has been made by over-zealous Press-agents concerned. From what I originally heard of this play from America, I was inclined to think that the “episode” to which I have alluded should on no account be “licensed” for the British stage, lest its presentation should cause a panic. I have just been assured, however,



MISS GERTRUDE WYKES
(SISTER OF MRS. GEORGE R. SIMS), PLAYING IN “THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH,” AT THE GARRICK.
Photograph by Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

and in which rôle (in a burlesque form) the late Fred Leslie made his last big success at the old Gaiety. Mrs. Patrick Campbell will

by Mr. Bert Coote, the owner of the English rights, that when “An Actor’s Romance” has its first London representation at the Camden Theatre next Monday (the 8th inst.), this so-called “startling episode”—originally said to be a murder committed in a part of the auditorium—will be found quite unalarming to “kind friends in front.”

After “An Actor’s Romance” will come three one-Act plays. These are to be presented at the Royalty next Tuesday afternoon (the 9th inst.), by the adapter thereof, namely, Mr. William Trant. Each of the three adapted plays is (as Jack Easy’s Nurse said of her baby) “only a very little one.” They are, respectively, “The Rose Garden”—which is another of the many adaptations of “Le Joie fait Peur,” and “The Vital Spark” and “Gentle Rain”—based respectively on the also often-adapted “L’Étincelle” and “Petite Pluie,” both by Pailleron.

Following hard upon these Anglicised French playlets will come a new adaptation which *The Sketch* was the first to announce, namely, Mr. John Davidson’s new version of Victor Hugo’s romantic drama, “Ruy Blas.” This new version, recently re-named “A Queen’s Romance,” will, I am assured by Mr. Lewis Waller, be produced by him at the Imperial to-morrow (Thursday) week. Mr. Waller will, of course, play the name-part, the romantic lackey, in which character that great romantic and melodramatic actor, Charles Fechter, made his first and perhaps his greatest all-round success in London, his last big success at the old Gaiety. Mrs. Patrick Campbell will enact the enamoured Queen of Spain, Mr. Charles Fulton the villainous Don Salluste, Miss Lydia Thompson (that famous old-time burlesque-actress) the Duchess of Albuquerque, and Mr. Thomas Kingston Don Cæsar de Bazan. It was in this character, I remember, that the late Sir Augustus Harris’s father scored with Fechter, and in which, in the aforesaid burlesque form, the still much-missed and unreplaced Miss Nellie Farren made her last big success in London.

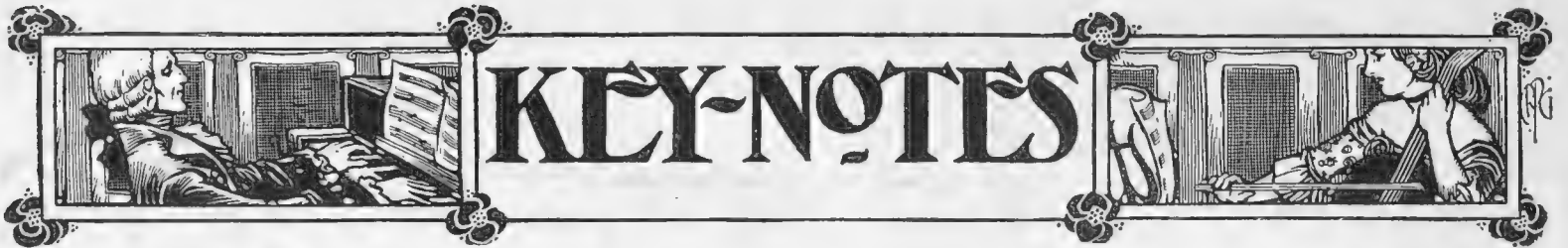
Though Messrs. Harrison and Maude have secured the English rights of the French play entitled “Citoyen Cotillon,” they have not the slightest notion as to when they will require that piece. In the meantime, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones’s brilliantly written if occasionally somewhat disturbing play, “Joseph Entangled,” is playing to splendid business, and seems likely to for a good while to come. Mr. Pinero will in due course write a new comedy for the Haymarket.

Under the direction of Mr. George Foss, the Oxford University Dramatic Society have arranged to give a series of performances of “As You Like It.” On Wednesday next (the 10th) the curtain will rise at a quarter to eight, and on each week-evening following till the 16th at eight. On the 13th and 15th, afternoon performances will be given. Miss Maud Hoffman is to be the Rosalind, Miss Rachel Daniel will take the part of Celia, while Phoebe and Audrey will be impersonated by Miss Dorothy Scott and Miss Fabian.



MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS, A CLEVER YOUNG COMEDIAN APPEARING IN “JOSEPH ENTANGLED,” AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



AT the Æolian Hall, a few evenings ago, Mr. Charles W. Clark gave a Vocal Recital, Mr. Henry Bird being the accompanist of the occasion. Mr. Clark is a really fine artist, for his singing was not only distinguished by great vocal beauty, but also by great intelligence. He gave, among others, songs of Schumann, Schubert, and Fauré, and his singing throughout was marked by much musical passion and intense feeling. For an encore, Mr. Clark sang Schumann's beautiful "Ich grolle nicht" with that sense of restrained passion which marks so effectually the song-writing of this composer. Mr. Clark is a singer who never tends to monotony; indeed, he often surprises one by his variety of emotions. Two songs, "The Rainy Day" and "The Fountains Mingle," the latter specially written for Mr. Clark by Mr. Lucas and accompanied by the composer, were given, both compositions being pretty and attractive. Miss Norah Drewett was the pianist of the evening, and showed



HERR KREISLER, THE FAMOUS YOUNG VIOLINIST.

Photograph by Beresford.

that she has very distinct ideas as to the interpretation of works by well-known composers. Mr. Henry Bird, as usual, accompanied with all his customary delicacy and artistic feeling, and one was also glad to note that the acoustic powers of this new Hall were completely satisfactory.

Miss Marie Hall, who certainly at present appears to be one of the few English violinists who possess attraction for an English audience, gave a concert last week at the St. James's Hall. Here, with a courage that may well be considered remarkable, she played the Beethoven Violin Concerto, the Mendelssohn Concerto, and the Tschaiikowsky Concerto—an undertaking which would require superhuman ability had it been possible to render such masterpieces with an equal sense of art and skill. As a matter of fact, Miss Hall, with all her fine technique, has not the grandeur of the classical manner. Her tone is often deficient in greatness, and, although she interprets her music with a musical temperament that is at once determinate and definite, she too often seems to catch only the fringe of the meaning of great music. Hence her rendering of the second movement of the Beethoven Concerto appeared somewhat wanting in emotion and deficient in depth of musical feeling, while in the final movement she played without adequate attention to the right rhythm. The Mendelssohn Concerto was a much more satisfactory performance, evidencing a certain purity of technique and her sense of mastery over the instrument with which she is essentially endowed. The concert, on the whole, was exceedingly interesting, showing once more that Miss Hall is, in her own way, an artist whose accomplishment in the long run appears to belong to the exceptional in art. Yet she has her limitations, and she lacks experience. The Queen's Hall Orchestra gave the overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro" as the opening piece; it was conducted by Mr. Henry J. Wood, who, as we all know, has just returned from his American tour.

Last week, at Bechstein Hall, Mr. Whitney Tew gave his first Subscription Concert, assisted by Miss Maggie Stirling, Mr. William Shakespeare, Mr. Wallace Shakespeare, and Mr. Charles Bennett. A Tone Poem for Violin and Piano (further entitled "Scena" from Dante's "Inferno"), by Clarence Lucas, was played by Signorina Bignardi and Mr. Clarence Lucas. Mr. Lucas is a clever musician, but his paths are somewhat obvious, and one may, perhaps, be allowed

to give a word of advice, recommending Mr. Lucas not so much to attempt the understanding of what popular music may mean for him, but to follow his own personal bent and sentiment in every respect. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "Fair is my Love" was sung by Mr. Whitney Tew. Mackenzie is a composer of singular intelligence, and his artistic worth unquestionably, to a large extent, a matter of great approval. He has a characteristic—which is part and parcel of his art—that he always tries to unite a singular sense of Scottish feeling in music with his more universal ideas of the art. His "Fair is my Love," good as it is, is yet not on a par with his best work. All that can be said of Mr. Archie Rosenthal's "My Love is like a red, red rose" is that it is poor stuff indeed. COMMON CHORD.

As a rule, the musical genius has to face a long and disheartening period of obscurity, but this has not been the case with Herr Kreisler, the new Hungarian musical "star," who has already conquered the Court world, for when little more than a lad he played before Queen Victoria, and the Prince and Princess of Wales engaged him last year to delight the ears of their Ascot house-party at Frogmore. Herr Kreisler is the son of a well-known Viennese physician. He played the fiddle as soon as he could speak, and might have been, but for his father's good sense, famous as an infant prodigy. At the age of ten he won a Paris gold medal, and four years later, in his own native land, the first prize for violin-playing. Then, going off at a tangent, he joined the Austrian Army, and became so devoted to the profession of arms that he actually gave up music for four years. His friends and old Professors implored him to resume his career as a violinist, and he did so, his proficiency reaching the ears of the present Czar, who was so delighted with his playing that he gave him introductions to the



MISS MARGUERITE GRAY, PLAYING IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

British Court. Herr Kreisler, whose favourite composer is Brahms, is essentially a musician's musician, and at his concert last season the audience seemed mainly composed of his own friendly rivals. The great violinist, who is only twenty-seven, is married to a charming American.



English Automobiles at the Crystal Palace Show—Points About the New Cars—Other British Makers.

IN my notes of last week, I referred to the participation of Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim in the motor industry, and suggested that the largest gas-engine constructing firm in this or any other country would, in all probability, be taking a hand in the game. Before the words I wrote saw the light, it had become known that Messrs. Crossley Brothers, of Openshaw, Manchester, were putting a series of four-cylinder 22 horse-power automobiles through their works, and that the Crossley car would make its bow to the public at the Crystal Palace Show, which opens on the 12th inst. Messrs. Crossley Brothers, vast as is their engineering influence in the direction of stationary gas-engines, have not, like so many other engineers, plumed themselves in the conceit that they were in possession of all that was required to be known for the design and construction of an up-to-date motor-car. Far from it. Recognising that the specialist was worth consulting, they called in Mr. Critchley, late of the Daimler Motor and Brush Companies, and Mr. Charles Jarrott, one of the finest of our English automobile-drivers of the front-rank, and took their advice. The result of this counsel and Crossley's work is a 22 horse-power four-cylinder chassis which can vie with, if not surpass, anything yet put upon the market.

No new car can expect to attract a vast amount of attention unless it possesses a talking point or two, and in this regard the Crossley car exhibits no less than three special features which will grip the automobilist right away. First, the engine is served by an automatic carburettor which answers instantly and absolutely proportionately to the demands of the engine. It is obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to consider the matter that the faster an engine runs the greater the volume of explosive mixture she requires. In nine carburettors out of ten the air-inlets cannot be varied, so that, when the speed of the engine is required to exceed the normal, the power of the motor does not increase proportionately, owing to the fact that the

motor is starved for mixture. In the Crossley engine the air-inlets to the carburettor are varied in area in direct proportion to the speed of the engine. Again, in order to obtain economical and quiet running, an extremely ingenious expansion-chamber is fitted, which, by means of a balanced rotating conical valve, cuts off the supply of gas to the cylinders at any desired point in the stroke of the piston. This valve is controlled from the steering-wheel. The third feature is a very ingenious but simple internally expanding metal-to-metal clutch.

I am most credibly informed that Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, of 45, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W., are to be the sole selling agents of the Crossley car. Nor are Messrs. Crossley Brothers, Limited, the only other great English engineering firm tardily to take up motor-making. I am also informed that Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., of the Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, have purchased the patents of the well-known Wilson-Pilcher car, and will in future manufacture this beautiful automobile. Again, report credits Messrs. Willans and Robinson, Limited, of Rugby, with the intention of shortly putting upon the market a car of their own design and construction.

With regard to the Exhibition of Automobiles which will open its doors on the 12th inst. at the Crystal Palace, it must not be supposed that, because the Automobile Club has sold its patronage to another Exhibition which takes place later in Islington, the Crystal Palace Show will not be worthy of a visit. Quite the reverse. The Palace Show has the sole support of a most influential section of the trade and industry, and everything of novelty and worth in automobiles for 1904 will be seen beneath the big glass roof at Sydenham. Moreover, the majority of exhibitors will have duplicate cars ready for trial-runs outside the Palace, and the pleasure of a motor-trip from the Palace must considerably outweigh that of a run from the Agricultural Hall.



THE CAD IN THE CAR.

VOICE FROM MASS OF FLYING MACHINERY: D'you call this FAST? You must come out on my car! I'll show you how to move!

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Spring Handicaps—Stable Secrets—Trainers—Prospects.

THE weights for the Spring Handicaps have been ably compiled, and I think the acceptances, which will come to hand within the next few hours, will average well. Of the horses weighted for the Lincoln Handicap, I like Gold Lock, Portcullis, Uninsured, and Housewife, and I shall be disappointed if the majority of those named do not accept. Such as Wolfshall, Cossack, and Speculator will not want for backers, as Lincoln is essentially a sprinter's course. I may be wrong, but I consider the King's horse, Ambush II., to be a real good thing for the Liverpool Grand National. Last year he was nothing like fit when he fell at the last fence, but he is now his own old self once more. I am told that Manifesto is a certain starter, and I know of several sportsmen who will take the long journey to Aintree for the sole purpose of seeing Mr. Bulteel's old slave run. Next to Ambush II., I like Detail, who has been specially saved for the race and who will be ridden by A. Nightingall.

I have many times during the last ten years told the story of the stable-lad whose father wanted me to recommend to a certain trainer. The father's idea of the boy's worth was summed up in one sentence, "He can neither read nor write." The boy referred to was first-cousin to one of our old-time successful jockeys who owned horses and land. Luckily, the Education Act now sees to it that all lads, even stable-lads, are taught both to read and to write, but many of them make use of those talents to scatter stable secrets all over the country. However, the managers of one of our largest and most successful training establishments have hit upon a happy idea to prevent the boys giving the good things away. When the stable is going out to win a big race, the boys are all allowed to stand in the stable commission, and, to prove that the lads referred to are no fools, I may mention that they invested £1200 on a horse out of the stable that won a big race last autumn. The trainer, it seems, had a mild confidence only in the animal's ability until the amount of the lads' investment was told to him; when he at once discovered that the horse had an A 1 chance.

If the alleged interview with Huggins, the American trainer, that recently appeared in a New York paper is true, Huggins has but a poor opinion of English trainers and their methods. But Huggins was a welcome stranger to our shores, and he was always well received by his opponents in the great game. Therefore I cannot believe that he could utter anything so uncharitable as many of the remarks alleged to have been made by him on our trainers. We are ready to admit that some of the American trainers while in England were able to rejuvenate many of our old horses and to win races with them. The cases of Royal Flush and Harrow are not likely to be forgotten

year, while I have never lost more money to the bookmakers." Either Lord William's horses won when he was not on them or he must have backed other people's losers.

From all I hear, the flat-racing season of 1904 will be one of the best we have experienced for years. The classic performers are a good lot. The handicap horses are above the average, and the two-year-olds are very likely to be quite up to the best vintage-year. His Majesty the King has some useful young horses under the charge of R. Marsh, while I am very pleased to hear from my local man that His Majesty's dark three-year-old, Chatsworth, is quite likely to shine in one of the classic events—probably the Derby. I also learn that the Kingsclere stable shelters some useful cattle. A stable that is very likely to be dangerous this year is the one presided over by Sam Darling at Beckhampton, while Mr. J. C. Sullivan has some useful handicappers hard by at Heddington. The Netheravon stable in the charge of Fallon must turn out some winners sooner or later, and I, for one, shall be disappointed if Alec Taylor does not do some good with the horses under his charge at Manton. I advise the following of all the Wiltshire stables.

CAPTAIN COE.



LADY HOLLAND, AN ENTHUSIASTIC SPORTSWOMAN.

Photograph by Martin Jacobette.



OUR UP-TO-DATE COLONIAL SISTERS: A LADIES' RIFLE-CLUB AT DURBAN.

Among the most enthusiastic of fair riders to hounds in all Cheshire must be counted Lady Holland. She is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Lund, of Malsis Hall, near Leeds, a well-known Yorkshire squire, and her marriage with the able and energetic merchant-prince who is now Sir William Holland took place more years ago than anyone looking at Lady Holland would believe. What Sir William Holland does not know about cotton and banking is not worth knowing, and he is also a member of the Commercial Intelligence Committee of the Board of Trade, as well as Liberal Member for the Rotherham Division of Yorkshire. Sir William and Lady Holland have a delightful seat at Poole Hall, near Nantwich.

It is a matter of common knowledge that among the Boer ladies many expert shots are to be found; indeed, during the late War more than one instance occurred of women occupying positions in the trenches alongside their husbands and brothers. It is, however, not so generally known that many of our own fair countrywomen in the South African Colonies are highly skilled in the use of the rifle. The accompanying photograph was taken on Boxing Day, at the little village of Malvern, situated in the hills about ten miles from Durban. The members of the Club are the wives and sisters of farmers and landowners of the district, and our correspondent assures us that they exhibit an astonishing knowledge of the rifle and skill in marksmanship, "bulls" at the five hundred yards' range being almost too numerous to count. It may, however, be hoped that it will never be necessary for them to form the "Empire's Third Line of Defence," as he suggests, and the conditions of life in this country are so different from those prevailing in South Africa that it is doubtful whether our women-folk will find it possible to "follow the commendable example of their Colonial sisters."

by racegoers of the present generation. On the other hand, the American trainers have their bad days, and I remember the late Lord William Beresford once making a remark somewhat to the following effect: "I have never won more races before than I have won this

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

IT may console those who find themselves unable to get even as far as the Riviera this season that it is by no means as smart as it used to be, English and Americans being conspicuously few in comparison with one-time crowds. Even at Monte, where the perennial attraction of the devastating but delightful tables still beckons mankind thither, the Anglo-Saxon and Transatlantic element is far outnumbered

little personage arrives at the Scotch castle is a delightfully made grey voile, cuffed and collared with orange velvet under white embroidery; but I think she intrigued me most in a trailing tea-gown of Pompadour chiffon all over faint mauve posies and true-lovers' knots in turquoise. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is too funny for mere adverbs, and one cried with laughter at his perpetual dilemmas. On or off the stage, his fun is always the same—quite unforced, and therefore quite irresistible.

I think Paquin excels himself in Miss Marie Illington's frock of white tulle over laburnum-yellow chiffon, with its Alençon flounces and gold embroideries; quite splendid also is her tea-gown of rose silk gauze under a veil of cobwebby Chantilly. Almost had I forgotten the masterpiece of pale-blue millinery in which Eva Moore makes her final entrance. The dress is sent forth a much-tucked skirt and braidings of white silk—in most effective contrast as to tone with Miss Mulholland's mushroom-coloured voile and delicious hat of cream guipure, with long white ostrich-feathers nodding over the brim. This play's decidedly the thing, whether from the point of view given by its fun or its frocks. It is nightly packed, and will, I should think, continue in that blissful condition for many months to come.

Apropos of gowns and gauds, I see that Princess Henry of Prussia, who is always extremely well-equipped as to clothes and dresses in the utmost good taste, has appointed Messrs. Redfern as Court Dressmakers to Her Royal Highness. Soon there will not be a living Royalty to whom this enterprising firm is not accredited; and, if irreproachable fit and exquisite detail count for anything, they certainly deserve all the honour they get.

Apropos of the grubbing-for-gold mania which has seized the inhabitants of this once peaceful island, I notice that the enterprising fairy godfathers who scatter this auriferous shower have carefully selected the most poverty-stricken neighbourhoods in town. Their benefactions would be hardly less applicable to Belgravia, if they only



[Copyright.]

A RECEPTION-GOWN OF PINK SILK.

by the Teutonic, and on all sides worthy folk of unimpeachable purse-strings but preposterous tailoring may be heard discoursing losses or gains in the lisping numbers of Goethe. Last February I had the opportunity of noticing this fact in person—so obvious was it, indeed, that I asked one of the principal hotel-keepers the reason. "The Germans," he remarked, sagaciously, "have been making money for some time, but they are only beginning to learn how agreeably it can be spent. Hence their appearance at Monte Carlo. As for the English," added this cosmopolitan Gaul, "they go to Cairo because it is the 'smart' thing, and in another year or two it will be the Cape; then they will tire of that and return again to the 'dear green tables.' With the Americans it is a case of follow-my-leader: where one is, the other will invariably be found." And, indeed, it looks as if the astute *charcutier* was right. Cairo is simply packed with people one knows—or ought to—and, with the completion of the promised Ritz Hotel and better times at the Cape, we shall doubtless see there an influx of the *monde* that will "stagger creation."

Talking of creation, I am reminded of the different reading of which that common noun is capable, in recalling the rhapsodies, nocturnes, or frocks, as you will, which, at the instance of Paquin and all his pomps, embellish "The Duke of Killicrankie" at the Criterion, at which one sees gowns of the most gorgeous and hears Captain Marshall at his merriest. As Lady Henrietta, Miss Eva Moore is a most captivating little person in most captivating frocks, one of white chiffon, which seems a cloudy jumble of flounces in that delectable material and Alençon lace. The dress in which this gay



[Copyright.]

BLUE-GREY CRÊPE-DE-CHINE AND LACE INSERTION.

knew it, in the present depressed state of everything and everybody. Still, the spectacle of hereditary legislators and impecunious younger sons elbowing each other in Park Lane, or a scramble of florid and furious matrons grubbing in Grosvenor Square for "medallions," would doubtless be a dis-edifying if diverting vision.

A chance of gaining cheques in a less admittedly eager manner is given by the Odol Company, who offer twenty-five pounds to anyone for the best phrase of a few words which will convey to the public mind a definition and a recommendation of their dentrifice. Communications sent on to the Odol Company will receive careful attention, and the result will be published in due course.

People who do not advertise nowadays are simply not in it; whether it be a pill or a person, a matter of soap or society, it is all the same, to be successful you must cry your wares in the market-place. A little masterpiece of self-advertisement came under my notice some days ago which certainly deserves well of its enterprising authors. The object was to popularise a Club and induce new members to join. Amongst many advantages of catering comfort and so on, its exclusiveness was delicately indicated, in proof of which the title to social recognition of the founder's great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and first-cousin was freely enlarged upon, as well as the fact that a near relative had once received a scarf-pin from Royalty. As an appeal to the snobbishness of our charming human nature this leaflet really left nothing to be desired.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

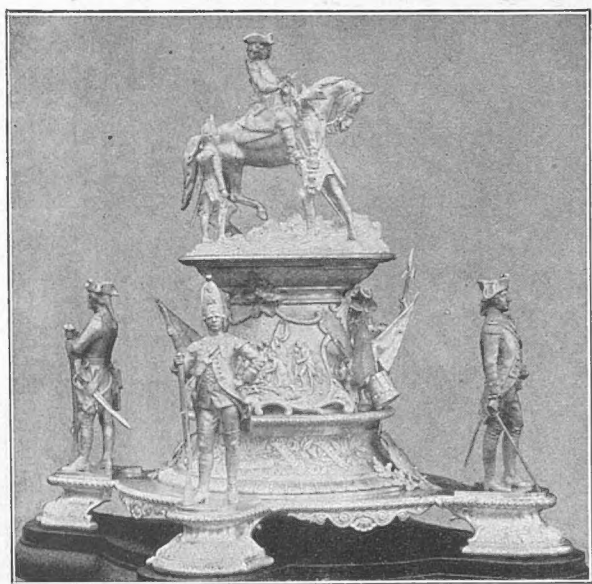
JULIET.—I am sorry, but the recommendation of a particular palmist is beyond my ken. They are all very much alike, I fancy, with the same stock-in-trade of money and matrimony to dispose of.

SYBIL.

For the Folkestone Steeplechases next Monday and Tuesday (8th and 9th inst.) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a number of special trains. A Club Train, first-class only, leaves Charing Cross at 11.10 a.m., calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, by which the return fare will be eight shillings. First-class tickets from London issued on Monday will be available to return on same or following day. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the races.

In these days, when so many of us enjoy a cigarette at odd times, many spurious imitations resembling the genuine article are put upon the market. Connoisseurs, however, are not to be deceived, and their almost universal favourite is the "Nestor" Cigarette, which during the past twenty years has borne a deservedly high reputation for its fine flavour and aroma. Smokers should note that each package bears the Egyptian Government stamp. The "Nestor" may be obtained of all tobacconists and stores throughout the world, its English headquarters being 10, New Bond Street, W.

This handsome silver centrepiece has been manufactured for the Officers' Mess of the 2nd Battalion Cheshire Regiment. At top is a group showing King George II. at Dettingen handing to an officer of the regiment an oak-branch in token of his appreciation of their gallant services in that memorable battle. The sides are decorated



A BEAUTIFUL CENTREPIECE BEQUEATHED TO THE 2ND BATTALION CHESHIRE REGIMENT.

with panels in high relief, depicting "The Death of Wolfe" and "The Battle of Meeanee," while at the base are four figures representing regimental types at different periods. This beautiful trophy is the work of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Limited, the silversmiths of 156, New Bond Street, and was bequeathed to the battalion by the late Colonel W. F. Curteis, C.B., who commanded it when on active service in South Africa, 1900.

THE MOST FAMOUS BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

THE world boasts of many famous bridges, but of not one that can vie in associations and interest with the tiny Bridge of Sighs. Most of the poets who have sung of Italy—and they are to be found in every country of the world—have celebrated its charms, and no tourist leaves Venice without having, at least, once



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS, VENICE.

stood and gazed down, into the depths of the canal spanned by this bridge of saddest names. Pessimists have been declaring that soon the Venice of our day will be as much a city of the past as is Babylon, but the Italian Government are determined that this shall not be so, and they are planning great restorations and alterations. It is, however, to be hoped that they will spare the Bridge of Sighs, and allow it to remain exactly as it is till it crumbles away, as all things in this world are bound at last to do, however much they may be restored and tinkered by unwise iconoclasts.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE'S BOOK.

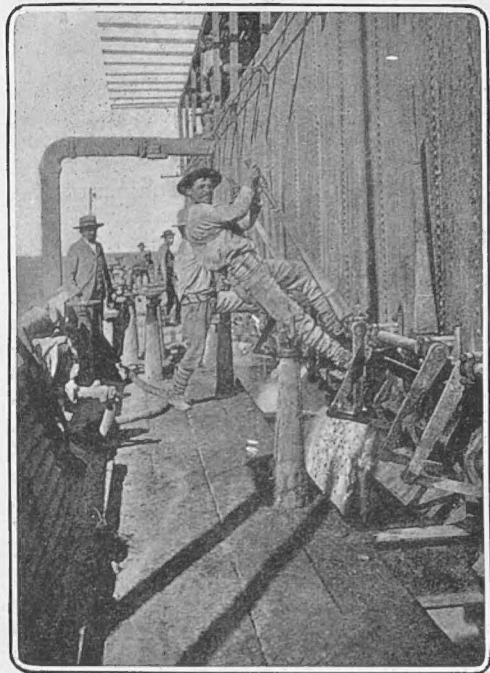
SAMUEL PEPYS has appealed to many men from many points of view, but it has been reserved for Sir Frederick Bridge to introduce him in what will assuredly strike most people as a new light, as a lover of music, or "musique," as Sir Frederick prefers to write it, following the fashion of Pepys himself. Sir Frederick's justification for his charming volume, if justification were needed, is to be found in a quotation from the immortal Diary under the date of July 30, 1666, "Musique is the thing of the world that I love most," and in a letter of Nov. 22, 1674, in which Pepys writes, "Musique, in which my utmost luxury still lies." The book owes its direct origin to three lectures Sir Frederick delivered at the Royal Institution a year ago, but the idea had long been in his mind, and he had for some considerable time been gathering the matter for it. Incorporated in the volume, too, is the song composed by Pepys, "Beauty Retire," for which Sir Frederick has arranged the accompaniment, though the melody and bass, the author is careful to state, are exactly as they stand in the Pepys manuscript. Pepys' own delight in music was recognised during his lifetime, for, when he died, Evelyn referred to him as "learned in many things"—a fact succeeding generations have generously noted—and also to his being "skilled in music," for there are frequent references in the Diary to his playing the viol and flageolet. He also studied harmony, working under Mr. Berkenshaw, to whom, as he records, he once paid "five pounds for this month or five weeks he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money and trouble for me to part with it." By Berkenshaw's method, Pepys, while waiting for the barber, "tried to compose a duo of counterpoint," adding, "I think it will do very well," and, no doubt, it did. Sir Frederick's work is instinct with that charm and perception of humour which those who know him recognise as his characteristic, and everyone who cares about the great diarist will certainly rejoice in the possession of a book whose making is its own best criticism and recommendation.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 9.

THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH, from a market-dealing point of view, the week has been a dull one as far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, there has been plenty of excitement. For the present, at least, brokers and dealers alike have resigned themselves to the self-evident fact that there is very little doing, and that, until the Eastern war-cloud has either burst or dissipated itself, much change for the better is improbable; but if there has been very little to be earned in the way of commissions or jobbing turns, there has, at least, been plenty to talk about. So far as Russia and Japan are concerned, the feeling is not so optimistic as it was a short time ago, but, as anything is better than this everlasting suspense, most people are thankful to see things moving towards what looks like a crisis. Everybody hopes that the outcome may be peace, but even war is better than the present everlasting and paralysing suspense.



THE NITRATE INDUSTRY: LOADING BOILING-TANKS WITH CALICHE FROM DEPOSIT.

Afterwar, suicides have provided the chief topic of conversation. First, poor H. F. Cohen, ex-millionaire and guarantor of a quarter-of-a-million Transvaal Loan, to say nothing of being director of a dozen important South African Companies, such as Bantjes Deep, Durban Roodepoort Deep, and Rand Collieries, made away with himself under a cloud of financial trouble; then, Mr. Mordaunt Lawson, whose troubles came out of his connection with Mr. Hooley's later-day schemes, takes the short way of ending or mending his misfortunes; and, to put the finishing touch to the horrors, there was Whitaker Wright's tragic end.

The Settlement may have been, as some financial writers have described it, "a farce," because there was nothing to settle, but no one can say that the week has been devoid of incident.

MR. JOHN FLOWER AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

As our readers hardly need to be told, the Whitaker Wright trial, ending in a tragedy quite unexampled in the annals of City crime, has been the most absorbing topic of conversation in Capel Court. The trial and verdict, due almost entirely to the exertions of Mr. John Flower and some of the other ex-members of the House who were victims of the untruthful balance-sheets which the fertile brain of the late financier so marvellously concocted, have more than justified the dogged perseverance with which the matter was pressed to an issue, and it is generally felt that the least the Stock Exchange can do to mark its sense of the good work which its ex-members, and especially Mr. John Flower, have done, is to make their return an easy matter. It has been proved to demonstration that the brokers who were "hammered" were the victims of statements of account as untruthful as they were specious, and that if ever downfalls were brought about by unforeseen misfortune, the case of Mr. John Flower and his co-unfortunates is one in point. The sentence on Whitaker Wright is generally thought to have erred on the side of severity as much as the same Judge's punishment (?) of Mrs. Penruddocke sinned on the side of leniency, but some recognition of the service rendered to pure Company finance is felt by everybody to be due to Mr. John Flower and those who have supported him, and we sincerely hope the Committee will see their way to reinstate the victims upon some terms which will give them a chance of earning money and devoting a good part of it to the payment of the liabilities which they were unable to meet, chiefly by the fault of others.

THE ASSOCIATED NORTHERN BLOCKS.

The report of the Committee appointed to report upon the disputes between the directors of this Company, while recommending the *pro tem.* reinstatement of Mr. Landau, throws a flood of light upon the methods of West Australian mining directors. In these columns we once remarked that the whole affair was a case of "the pot calling the kettle black," and so it appears to be. No one ever supposed that West Australian directors were, as a rule, "high-toned"; there have

been too many Westralian Market scandals for such an idea to linger in the mind of even the most childlike mining speculator, but the very objectionable and wholesale dealing—or rather, speculation—in a Company's shares by its own directors has not often been so exposed in its whole nakedness before. We trust that at the forthcoming General Meeting it may be possible for the shareholders to dispense with the services of the whole of the present Board, and to elect gentlemen to carry on the business of the Company who will not look upon the position as a means of obtaining the earliest information for their share speculations.

We do not say that a director of a Mining Company ought not to buy shares, or even dispose of a part of his holding, but for the Chairman of any concern to be a large market-operator in its shares is most objectionable, grossly unfair to the other shareholders, and a most fruitful source of scandal. The directors (and, above all, the Chairman) must, by the very nature of the position, have information earlier than other people, and they have the same unfair advantage in speculation as the gambler who plays with a marked pack of cards. There is as much moral objection to the Chairman of a great Mining Company being a large operator in its shares as to a Secretary of State gambling in Foreign stocks. The nation would, by the very force of public opinion, soon dismiss a statesman who was even suspected of such a thing, and until shareholders take a like course the mining markets will never be free from scandals.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Seeing that I have made no money yet out of my last pair of gambles," soliloquised The Stroller, "I am going to see whether I cannot pick up a Stock Exchange lunch cheaply."

It was then a little after noon, and The Stroller had a long-standing invitation in his mind.

"How do you do, sir?" his broker's authorised clerk greeted him. "Come in and sit down. He won't be very long."

"Thanks," and our friend dropped into the proffered chair, and ran the tape through his fingers. "Busy?"

"We are doing a certain amount, sir, although it can hardly be called a busy time. There is a little investment going on, only not enough of it to be profitable."

"Then you don't exactly grumble, eh?"

"It might be a heap better, but then, I've seen trade worse, all the same. Look at this batch of transfers."

"Kaffirs?" asked The Stroller, with his usual inquisitiveness.

"No, mostly railway stocks that clients are taking up. These are all going for signature to-night."

"Then your recent circular advising people to buy Home Rails was not altogether wasted?"

The young fellow laughed. "It has paid for itself, anyway," he replied. "What I think is so unfair is that we can't send them out broadcast; have to confine such things to our own *clientèle*, you know."

"Whereas——?"

"If we were allowed to send them, say, to every stockholder in every Railway Company—why, I might get a rise on the strength of the new business it would bring."

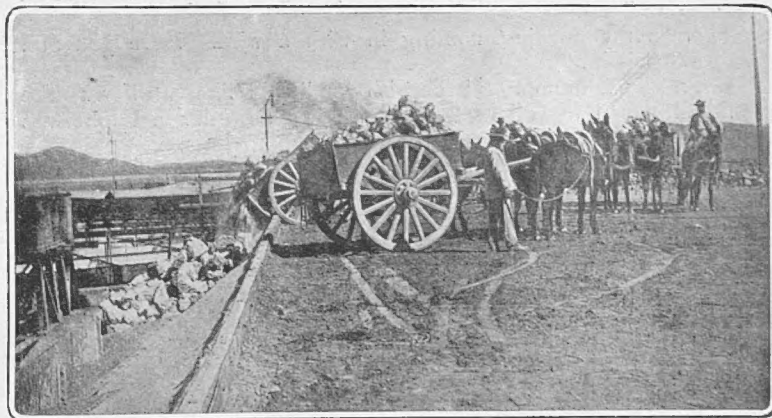
"Isn't it proposed that brokers should be permitted to advertise?" remarked another client who had strolled in and taken up a position with his back to the fire.

"Yes, and—— But here's the Chief."

"We were discussing the iniquity of your not being allowed to advertise," said The Stroller, after a cordial exchange of greetings.

"It wouldn't do for a moment!" and the broker shook his head with emphasis. "We don't want every Tom, Dick, and Harry writing to us with instructions to open speculative accounts."

"But if they gave proper references?" suggested the other client.



THE NITRATE INDUSTRY: TIPPING CALICHE INTO CRUSHER-HOPPER.

Again the broker shook his head, again with emphasis. "I hope it will never be introduced, and I certainly think that I, for one, shall never see it."

The authorised clerk sighed, but no one took any notice of him, and the broker began to discuss the markets.

"I only came in to sign my transfer of Districts," observed the client who had entered last. "There's no move in the price, I see," and he pointed to the tape.

"Not yet," the broker replied. "But I can't help thinking it will come in due time. The line is doing remarkably well."

"I shall put them in the box and forget them," said the purchaser. "Where do I sign?" and he wrote his name in the space provided for the witness. The authorised clerk sighed a second time, less noticeably than before, and took the matter in hand himself.

"You've come to redeem your promise as to lunch?" and the broker turned to our friend when the other client had departed. "Ready in one moment."

"Here, Jones!" he cried, feeling in every pocket for the wire-book that lay on the desk in front of him. "Just telegraph that old lady—you know—that I shouldn't advise her to sell Mex. Firsts. Say 'letter follows.'"

"Right, sir," and the boy was off like a shot.

"Those Mex. Firsts ought to be a really capital lock-up," said the broker, as he drew The Stroller into the street. "Where shall we go?"

"Take me to the place where you have pewter plates," suggested his guest.

The broker laughed and started for Mr. Pickwick's "hotel." "Come along, then."

"What makes you think Mexicans are likely to improve? I thought there was some trouble or other over a mistake in the last half-year's traffics?"

"That is all discounted in the present price," the broker said. "But you haven't much fancy for railway stocks, have you?"

"Just because I generally gamble in mining shares! Get more for my money in them, perhaps, and—"

"Here we are!" The broker pushed open one of the little doors of Thomas's, and led the way to a vacant table, which it took a minute or two to discover.

"What were you saying about Kaffirs?" he asked, when the two had ordered their steaks, with kidneys.

"Nothing," said The Stroller. "But I should like to hear what you have to say about them."

"Half-a-minute," and his broker beckoned to a new-comer to sit beside them. "Here's a man will tell you all about Kaffir shares," and he introduced them. "Friends, gentlemen!"

"I don't know 'ny more than 'nybody else," protested the third. "I certainly don't b'lieve that Parliament or 'ny other talk-shop will stop the importation of Pigtales. And there you are!"

"Where?" and The Stroller looked mystified.

"In their jackets or boiled?" asked the inappropriate waiter, dropping the pewter plates with a rattle.

"I mean to say," went on the reputed oracle, "that everything d'pends upon this Chinese labour. It's got to come, and the sooner that everyone concerned bows to the inevitable, the better it will be for holders of Kaffirs."

The Stroller assented. "Your health, gentlemen," he said, raising his glass of whisky-and-soda. "How long will it take, do you suppose, to get the labour question solved?"

"There you have me. It's the thing we have all been trying to decide for the past eighteen months or more."

"But we must be getting near the end of the period of waiting now," urged the broker.

"One would think so," his friend returned, "were it not for the unpleasant experience of the recent past."

The Stroller said he had overheard a man declare that Stock Exchange booms and business of any good sort moved in decades.

"Too sweeping," remarked the broker's friend. "But I b'lieve in Kaffirs, all the same. They tell me Knights are such good things to have."

"And why?"

"Large number of claims, two hundred stamps, and good prospects," was the answer. "What're you getting up for? Not off yet, are you?"

"There's my boy just coming in with a wire. Here you are, Jones. What is it?"

"Not a bit; I'm coming back with you," said The Stroller, as the broker denounced his client for telegraphing an order in Yankees at lunch-time. "And I told my authorised clerk to let me do this if it came, so I'm bound to attend to it."

"Get me fifty Knights while you're in, will you?" our friend asked. "I will go down to your office and wait for you there."

"Coffee and cigars at Lyons', then!" cried the broker, as he entered the House.

AFTER THE CONSOL ACCOUNT.

In War Markets such as are those of the present day, the operator who deals on the quick-profit system can only expect to make money if he be on the spot. Even then, he probably loses as much as he wins, and it was only the other day that a well-known broker complained to a dealer in the Consol Market of the way in which prices were moving contrary to all expectation. The percentage of truth contained in the growl is largely due to the bear account, which operates with a vagary that cannot be anticipated with any degree of certainty by the shrewdest speculator, and, accordingly, the belt of gamblers who still continue to attempt money-making out of stocks mostly affected by the political crisis is becoming narrower every week. The March Consol

Account was to have seen Consols put well over 90, upon cheaper money and Government support, but at its opening there is little promise of the optimisms being fulfilled. Money has grown cheaper, and a fall in the Bank Rate is now within the bounds of early possibility, but where are the purchases of the Government which were to have exercised such a cheery effect upon Goschens? We dared to be sceptical about this supposed buying when the idea was mooted, and now, unfortunately, there seems less chance than ever, for the present, of Government interference upon a scale important enough to make the price of Consols appreciably better. Some there are who appear to fancy that it must improve because of the pre-eminence of the stock that gives it a sentimental value above others, but there are so many of the latter spread before the investor that we fail to see why extensive purchases can be expected on the part of the general public.

GRAND TRUNKS AND THEIR DIVIDEND.

This time last year, just before the Grand Trunk Railway declared its famous 1 per cent. dividend, the junior stocks of the Company stood considerably higher than they do now, although even the cautious prophets foretold a distribution of 1½ per cent. Possibly last February's quotations were influenced to no small extent by considerations of what the profits for 1903 might be, for the year had started bravely, so far as traffics went, and 3 per cent. for the whole period was gaily thought to be quite a likely reward for the patience of the Third Preference proprietors. It may be recalled how smartly prices advanced when the insignificant 1 per cent. became known, and few indeed foresaw the disappointments that lay in the immediate future. For the past half-year, monthly statements have provided, almost without exception, a source of grave dissatisfaction. Canada has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, and the Grand Trunk traffic-receipts, as published weekly, showed that the line has participated generously in the prosperity of the Dominion. Yet, with each month came, and still comes, the decided douche of the statement, and under its depressing influence the dividend estimates for the Third Preference have shrunk, as already mentioned, to 1½ per cent. At the present time the market is dull upon the news of terrible weather, which, of course, makes its effects felt in a substantial way upon the traffics, and it is idle to suppose that the trade lost by reason of snow and frost can be picked up in its entirety upon a relaxation of the weather's efforts. One good feature about the market in Trunks is the prominence of the bear account, while a discontinuance of the very high working-charges may be fairly looked for. If the Thirds get 1½ per cent., the return on the money will be 4½ per cent., and, taking into account the future prospects of the line, this rate is worthy of notice by those who fancy speculative investments.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. C. S.—If you apply to Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of Threadneedle Street, E.C., you will get what you want, and be honestly dealt with.

APOLLO.—(1) We prefer Great Western. (2) Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary. (3) The bank you name is a good one, and the shares are a fair investment. For our own money we should prefer Union of London and Smiths, Limited, among the English banks, or Bank of Egypt and London and River Plate among the others.

SATSUMA.—Yes, Duncan's failed. We believe the people you name took over the remnants of the business. You will have no dealings with them if you are wise.

E. M. B.—The Transandine Railway securities are certainly speculative, as the line is not complete and what traffics will be is a matter of opinion. If expectations are fulfilled, there is room for a good improvement. The Bilbao River line is a small affair, but prosperous, while the other concern is even more speculative than the Transandine.

OATS.—The Machinery Trust would not suit us as an investment. Oceanas at 30s. may be a good thing, but it all depends on a general improvement in South Africans. We do not recommend them, and would far rather buy Rand Mines or good Gold shares like Knights. There are plenty of good Industrials, to pay 5 or 6 per cent., running no excessive risks. The best we know are United States Brewing Company Debentures, Kimberley Waterworks Debentures, or Eastern Extension Telegraph shares.